June 24, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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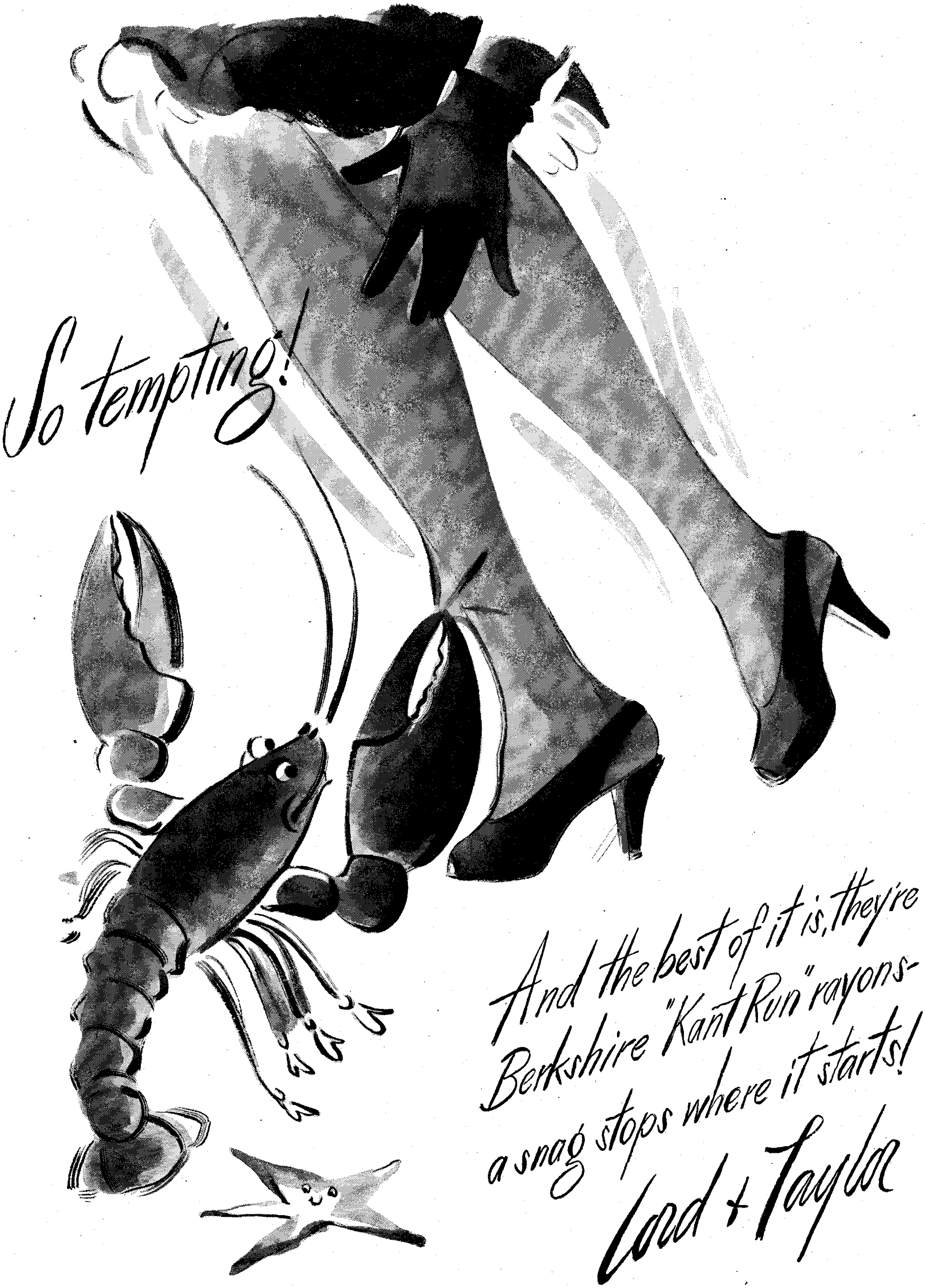
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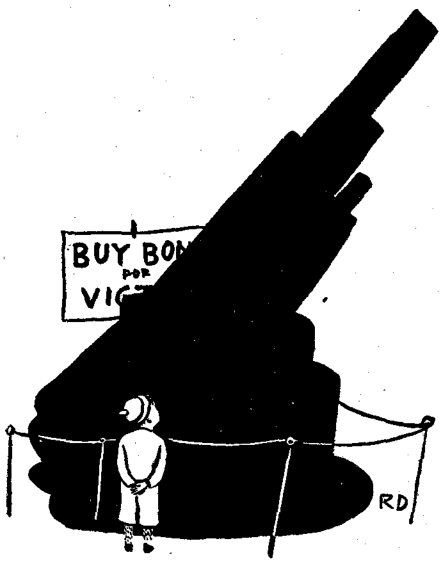
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 1.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphries are involved in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

For Keeps—F. Hugh Herbert's rather wordy and old-fashioned play about a fifteen-year-old girl and her much-married parents. Patricia Kirkland, however, is very appealing as a bewildered adolescent. With Frank Conroy, Julie Warren, and Donald Murphy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 1.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officer Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. More interesting possibly as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Una Merkel, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 1.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:35. Mat. Sat. at 2:35. Closes to the general public on Sat., June 24. Free performances for men and women in the services will be given Sun. through Thurs. Eves., June 25-29, at 8:35, and Wed. Aft., June 28, at 2:35, with tickets available at the U. S. O., 99 Park, at 40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Love on Leave—A comedy by A. B. Shiffrin, with Millard Mitchell and Mary Sargent. Staged by Eugene S. Bryden and produced by Charles Stewart and Martin Goodman. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—Quite a lot of new minds have collaborated with Offenbach on this revival of "La Belle Hélène," and the result may be a little untidy. The music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Take a Bow—Chico Marx, Jay C. Flippen, Mary Raye and Naldi, Think-a-Drink Hoffman, and a superlative comic called Gene Sheldon in a rather uneven vaudeville show. Probably fair enough for the hot months. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hats Off to Ice—A new edition of the Sonja Henie-Arthur Wirtz ice shows, with Carol Lynne and Freddie Trenkler. Opens Thurs., June 22. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Ten Little Indians—A mystery play by Agatha Christie, with Michael Whalen, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Neil Fitzgerald. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert and Albert P. DeCourville. Opens Tues., June 27. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—A revival of "The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 24.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "A Mortal in Fairyland," "The Enchanted Spring," and "Troubles of Mother Goose," Sat., June 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Mildred Bailey, who are par for anyone's course; Bill Harris's orchestra will be replaced by Eddie Heywood's on Mon., June 26.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)— Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show headed by Bert Wheeler; Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small

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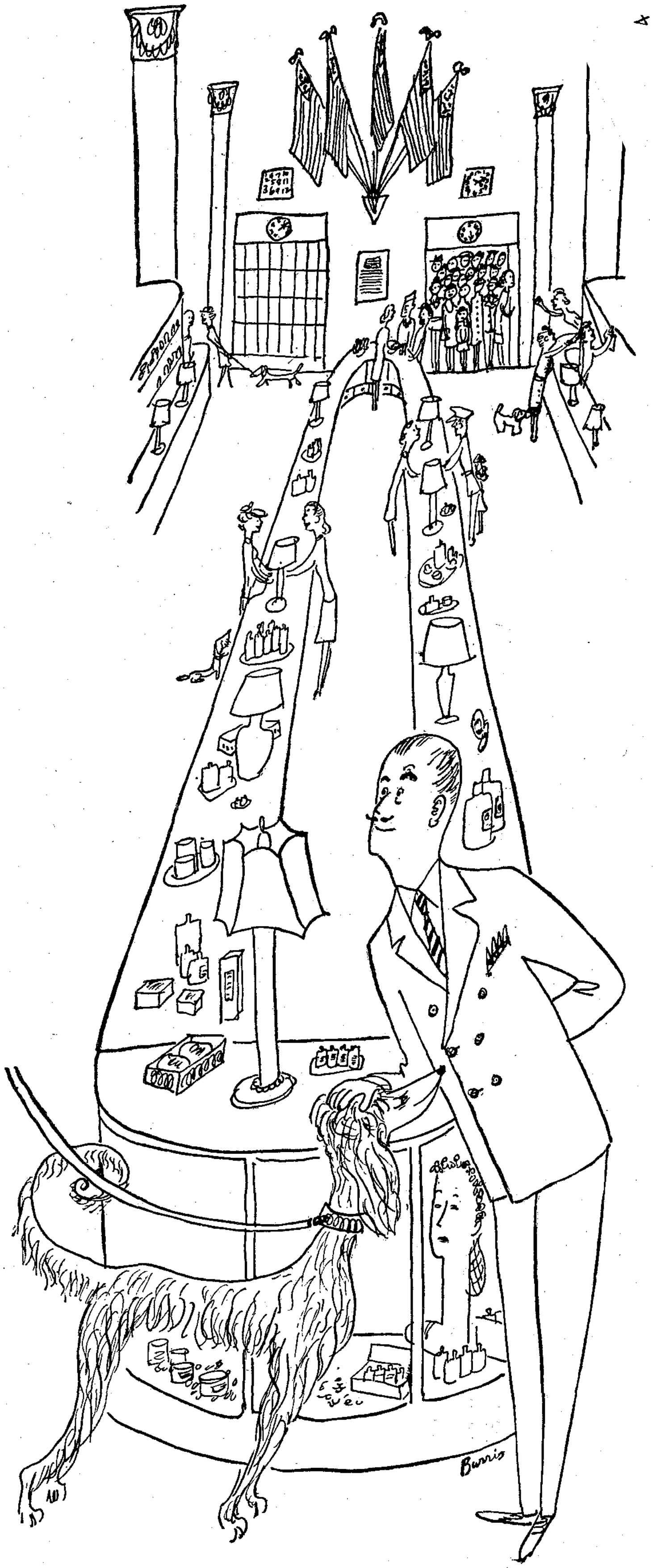
This is our Mr. Riffin

MR. RIFFIN'S official title is Floor Manager, but this is only a piddling technicality. In real life, he's been the host on Saks Fifth Avenue's street floor for 22 years — combining a Western hospitality with a suave waxed mustache and the energy of a mountain goat.

New customers who don't know the ropes are sometimes startled out of their skins when Mr. R. dashes up to address them by name and extend felicitous greetings. How should *they* know he sits up nights studying photographs in all the newspapers (including the Sunday rare stamp and book section) so he can pull that "Mr. Addison Simms, isn't it?" act. Mr. R. told us authors are especially grateful to be recognized, poor dears.

If a customer has a face *everybody* recognizes, then Mr. Riffin commandeers an elevator and rides the celebrity up and down, up and down, for a cozy little chat, until autograph hunters go away. The only time his calm facade came near cracking was the day a woman strolled into Saks leading a goose on a leash. "I could hardly make myself bend down and pat it," he told us crossly.



Oh Mr. Riffin — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Houseparty atmosphere, aided and abetted by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very pretty in its new summer dress. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde singing and romping in the Persian Room for dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks at home. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Through Mon., June 26, the Starlight Roof will have upper-register songs by Morton Downey at the supper hour and dance music by George Hamilton's orchestra throughout the evening. On the following night, Xavier Cugat's orchestra and—yes—some acrobats come in. Mischa Borr's orchestra will continue to help entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey being very funny in a very fine show which also includes La Villa Tullos, with her harp; closes for the season on Sat., June 24. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with bright and handsome entertainment by Eddie Mayehoff, the Herman Chittison Trio, Evelyn Knight, and Stuart Ross. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her songs about the horrors of life in the big city. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a new décor as background for old favorites on Roger Stearns' piano.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of tasty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): cheerful and casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Mostly for Music—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon are nearing their Diamond Jubilee here; no dancing. . . . **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's new hot band and unique piano solos by James P. Johnson; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes it one of the town's best cellars. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page, and blues by Billie Holiday; no dancing. . . . **downbeat club,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' eminent saxophone and his band; no dancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): very special piano playing by Harry Gibson and Art Tatum; Tatum's trio plays for dancing. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's band at work behind the bar; no dancing. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; no dancing.

Al Fresco—The **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124: for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **central park zoo:** the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8; **fifth avenue hotel,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **longchamps,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—The annual show of work by new members and

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winners of scholarship grants. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 30.

Art for the Home Front—A hundred contemporary American paintings which will later be sent on a tour of war plants and industrial centres: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 30.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, prints, furniture, and costumes, from the Museum's collections, reflecting the cultural life of America from 1744 to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 22.

Cloisters, Fort Washington Ave. at 191—The history of falconry, shown in medieval tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and falconers' equipment. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Thomas Eakins—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

European—At the **lilienfeld,** 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 1.

Folk Art—Early American paintings and some quilts: Folk Arts Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 15.

French—At the **bignou,** 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: paintings from Corot to Picasso; also, drawings by Robert Henri; a benefit for the Red Cross. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 23. . . . **niveau,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 30. . . . **babcock,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **perls,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **argent,** 42 W. 57: new work by the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 23. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: Raymond Breinin, Charles Sheeler, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 30. . . . **artist associates,** 138 W. 15: members of this coöperative gallery, including Chuzo Tamotzu, Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and Esteban Soriano. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: new work by the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors and guest artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 1. . . . **puma,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **weyhe,** 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 28. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **associated american artists,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings which have been shown here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 8. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 14.

Wifredo Lam—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Max Liebermann—A memorial show of work by the German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through July 8.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30), a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 8.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 8.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Graphic arts in the 118th annual show. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

New York—Paintings of the city by artists of various nationalities, including Moïse Kisling, Maxim Kopf, William Gropper, and Reginald Marsh: American Common, 40 E. 40. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. (also Tues. and Wed. Eves., 7:30 to 10); through Fri., June 30.

O'Keeffe, Marin, and Dove—The recent output of these three artists: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through July 10.

Photography as Art—Moholy-Nagy and a number of others, including Breitenbach and David Hare, use the camera for art rather than documentation; there are also some paintings suggested by the photographs: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., July 1.

Adolfo Saporetti—Paintings: O'Connor, 35 Jane, at 8 Ave. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 10 P.M.; through July 7.

Hélène Sardeau—Sculpture, a good deal of it in the memorial manner, by George Biddle's wife: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 30.

John Shayn—Oil paintings: Newton, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 23.

Conrado Vásquez—Lacquered wood paintings by the New York Mexican: Council for Pan American Democracy, 23 W. 26. Mon. through Fri., 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 30.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Thurs. through Sun., June 22-25; Alexander Smallens conducting, Mon. through Sat., June 26-July 1. Highlights: Artur Rubinstein, piano, June 22; Betty Humby-Beecham, piano, June 24; "Aïda," with Bruna Castagna, Zinka Milanov, and Kurt Baum, June 26-27; "La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao and Jan Peerce, June 29-30; Eleanor Fine, piano, July 1. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. Mon. and Tues. Eves. at 8; other Eves. at 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—Regular games—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs., June 22, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. through Fri., June 28-30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Boston, Sat., June 24, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 25 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **ebbets field:**

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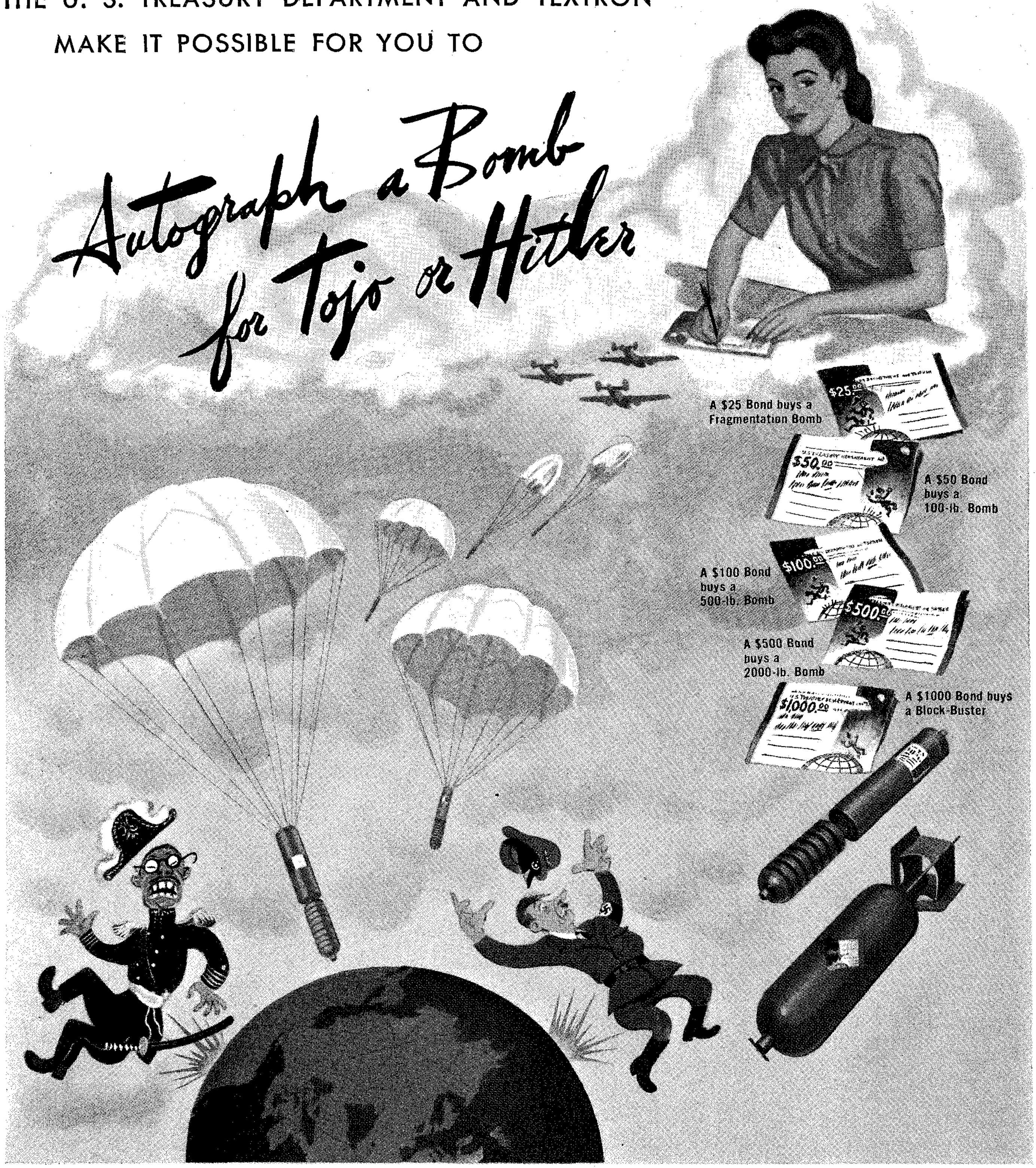
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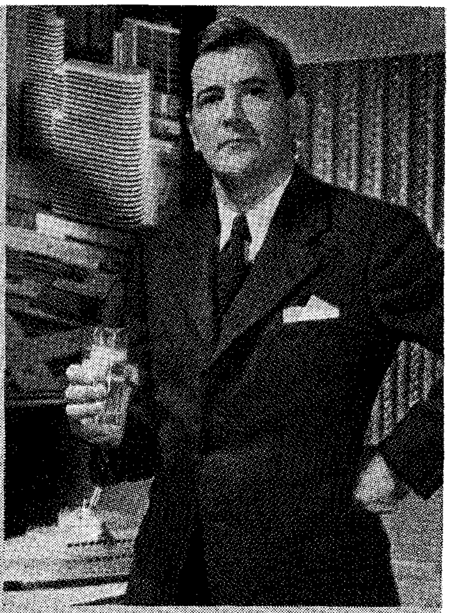

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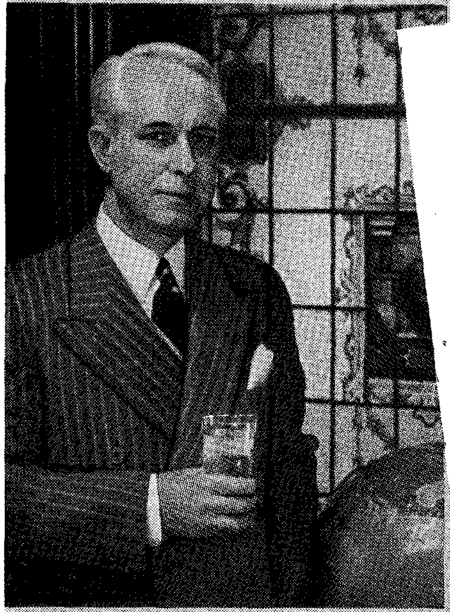

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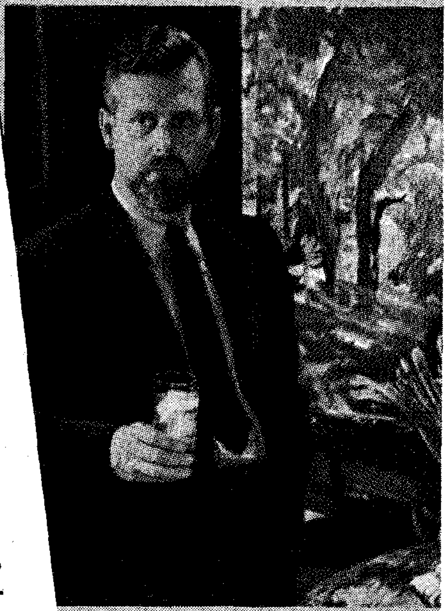

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 1.

Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., June 22, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 23, at 8:45 P.M., Sat., June 24, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 25 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

War Bond Game—A three-cornered exhibition game by the Giants, Dodgers, and Yankees, Mon., June 26, at 9 P.M., at the Polo Grounds. (Admission by purchase of War Bonds; for information, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 76.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ike Williams vs. Cleo Shans, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 23. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Metropolitan G. A. Amateur Championship, first and second rounds, Sat., June 24; third round and semi-finals, Sun., June 25, Sleepy Hollow C. C., Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.... U. S. Seniors G. A. Championship, Tues. through Fri., June 27-30. Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y. ... Long Island G. A. Best Ball Championship, Thurs., June 29, Garden City G. C., Garden City, L. I.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., July 1. (Admission on June 24 by War Bonds only.... The Dwyer, June 24; the Great American, June 28; the Brooklyn Handicap, July 1.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:20 P.M.

Track—New York A. C. Meet, Randalls Island, Sun., June 25, at 3 P.M.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Sun., June 25, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—In CENTRAL PARK, between 79 and 86 Sts.: "Weapons of War," a big Army display of American tanks, guns, booby traps, mine detectors, and many other kinds of equipment, along with similar weapons captured from the Germans and Japanese; demonstrations and sham battles are staged at frequent intervals throughout the day. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.... CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Americana—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5.... NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U. S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Auctions—At the PLAZA ART GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—An auction of privately donated items ranging from a tennis racquet to a diamond brooch, sponsored by the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy to raise money for recreational equipment for service men: Wed., June 28, at 2 P.M.

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Oriental art formerly owned by Yamanaka & Co. and to be sold by the U. S. Government: Wed. through Fri., June 28-30, at 10:15 A. M. and 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—War Bond Concert, Arturo Toscanini conducting the N. B. C. Symphony, Sun., June 25, at 5 P.M., WEAF.... Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, Ania Dorfmann, piano, Sun., June 25, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 23 and 30, and Wed., June 28, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.... Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., June 24 and July 1, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: the Dwyer, Sat., June 24; Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., July 1; at 4:30 P.M., WOR.... Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Cleo Shans, Fri., June 23, at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ.... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC.... Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA.... Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC.... Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT.... Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR.... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. ... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC.... Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA.... Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. ... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Cover Girl—A nice musical, with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, and a platoon of beautiful models. Music by Jerome Kern, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 24.... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 26.)

Gaslight—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten in the screen version of the hair-raiser known on the stage as "Angel Street." (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 26.... State, B'way at 45; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., June 28.)

Going My Way—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Home in Indiana—Trotting horses and young love, mildly and rather pleasantly portrayed. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

It Happened Tomorrow—A rather neat fantasy about a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., June 30.)

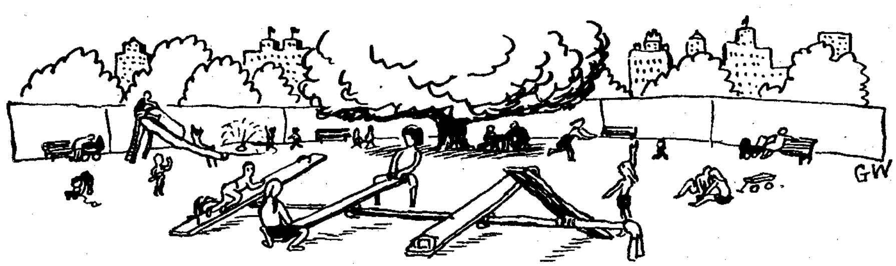
Jack London—The emphasis is on London's experiences with the Japs. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 23.)

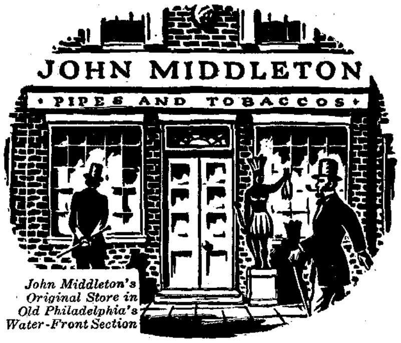
Lady in the Dark—Ginger Rogers has even fancier dreams than Gertrude Lawrence did. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., June 22.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 24.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., June 28-30.)

The Memphis Belle—One B-17's part in a mission over Germany, clearly and dramatically shown in an Army documentary. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., June 24-28.)

Mr. Skeffington—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Passage to Marseille—Disjointed and a bit too thrill-packed, but the cast is impressive. Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet are all involved in a story about the Fighting French. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 23. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Wed., June





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

23-28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., June 25-26. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., June 28.)

THE PURPLE HEART—Realistic, if slow, fictionization of the fate of the Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, Farley Granger, and John Craven. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., June 23-26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., June 25-27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., June 27-28. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. and Thurs., June 28-29.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., June 25.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Another agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., June 23. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 27-29.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—Fictionized account of a Navy doctor's heroism on Java, handicapped by too much fiction but exciting at times. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—A variety show featuring Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Ben Blue, Harry James, and Xavier Cugat, but mainly Jimmy Durante. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

REVIVALS

ADVENTURES OF TARTU (1943)—An English-made thriller about sabotage in Czechoslovakia. With Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., June 28-29.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 25-27.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 27.)

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 23.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 22.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 25-27.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., June 23-24.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., June 24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 27-29.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. and Sun., June 24-25.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. With Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 27-28.)

PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. and Tues., June 26-27.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., June 24-28.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Fri., June 30.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., June 25-27.)

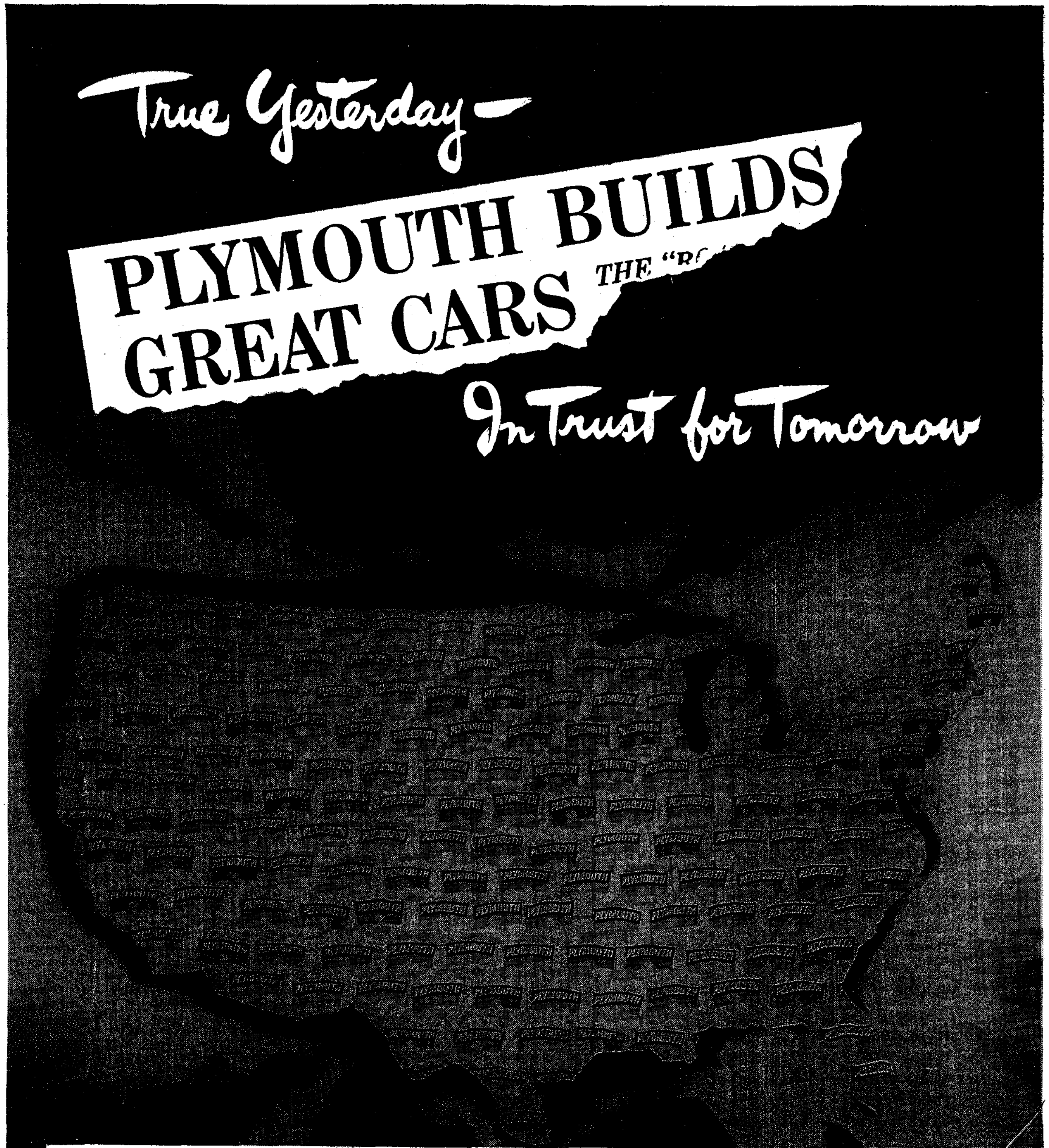
SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., June 24-27.)

TORTILLA FLAT (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos.* Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., June 28-29.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 23.)

ZAZA (1939)—Grandpa's pet classic, freshened up for Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 22.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, produced by the War Department, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the follow-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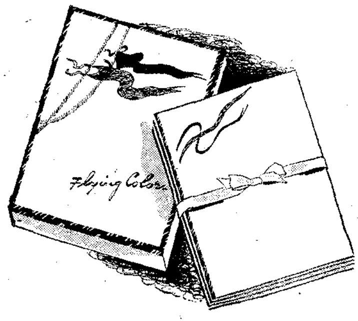

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ing schedule: THROUGH SUN., JUNE 25: "Prelude to War." . . . FROM MON., JUNE 26: "The Nazis Strike."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to work three hours a day, twice a week, as clinic or dietary aides, librarians, or aides in children's wards; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides.

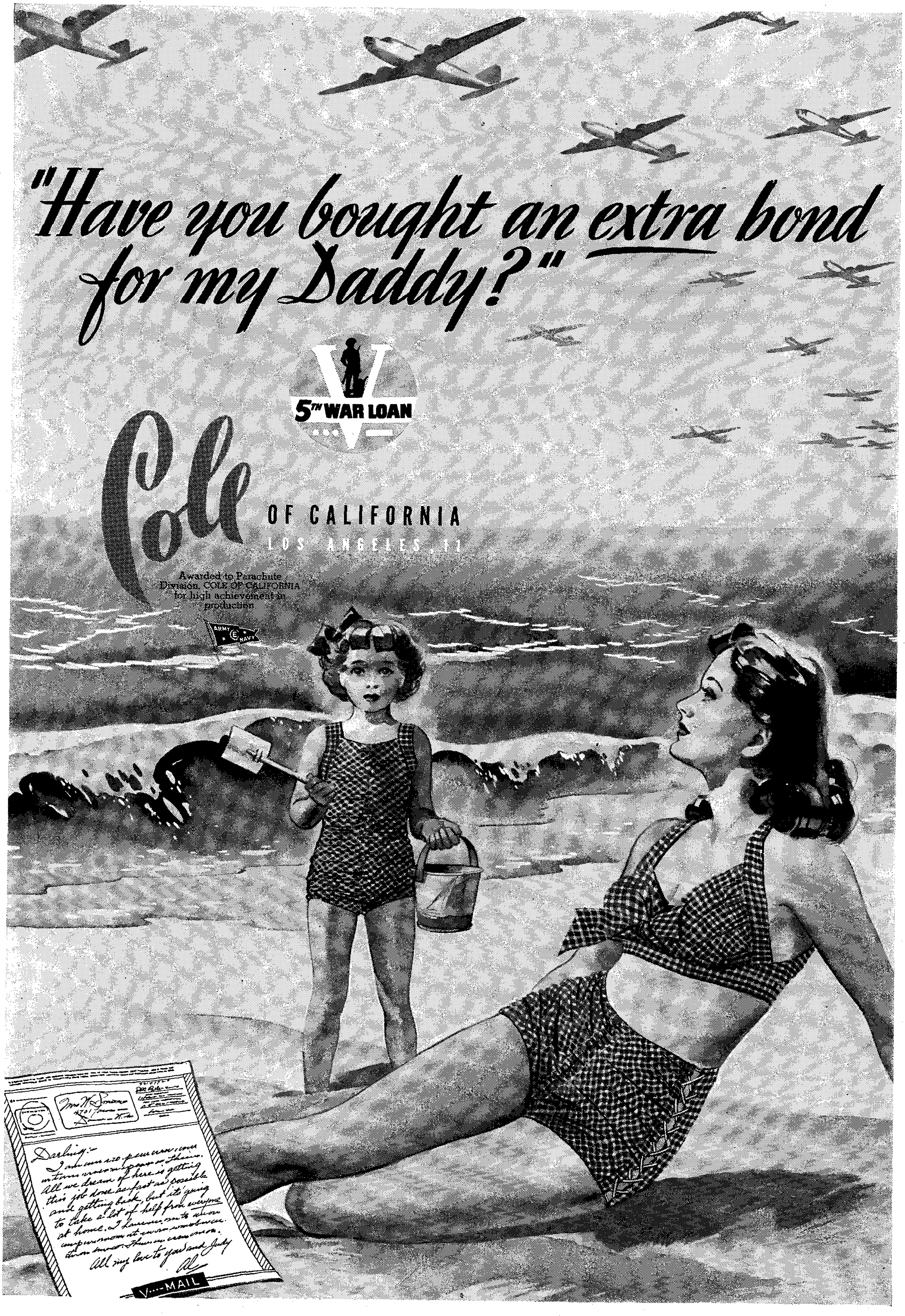
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

WAR LOAN DRIVE—The Fifth War Loan Drive is on, and the C.D.V.O. and the A.W.V.S. are recruiting volunteers to work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Greek War Relief (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing and blankets, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Association's warehouse at 21 Hudson St. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38th (LE 2-0886). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps, and at the moment there is a particular demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33rd (PL 5-9100). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. If you have any you wish to give, mail or take them to the Council's offices.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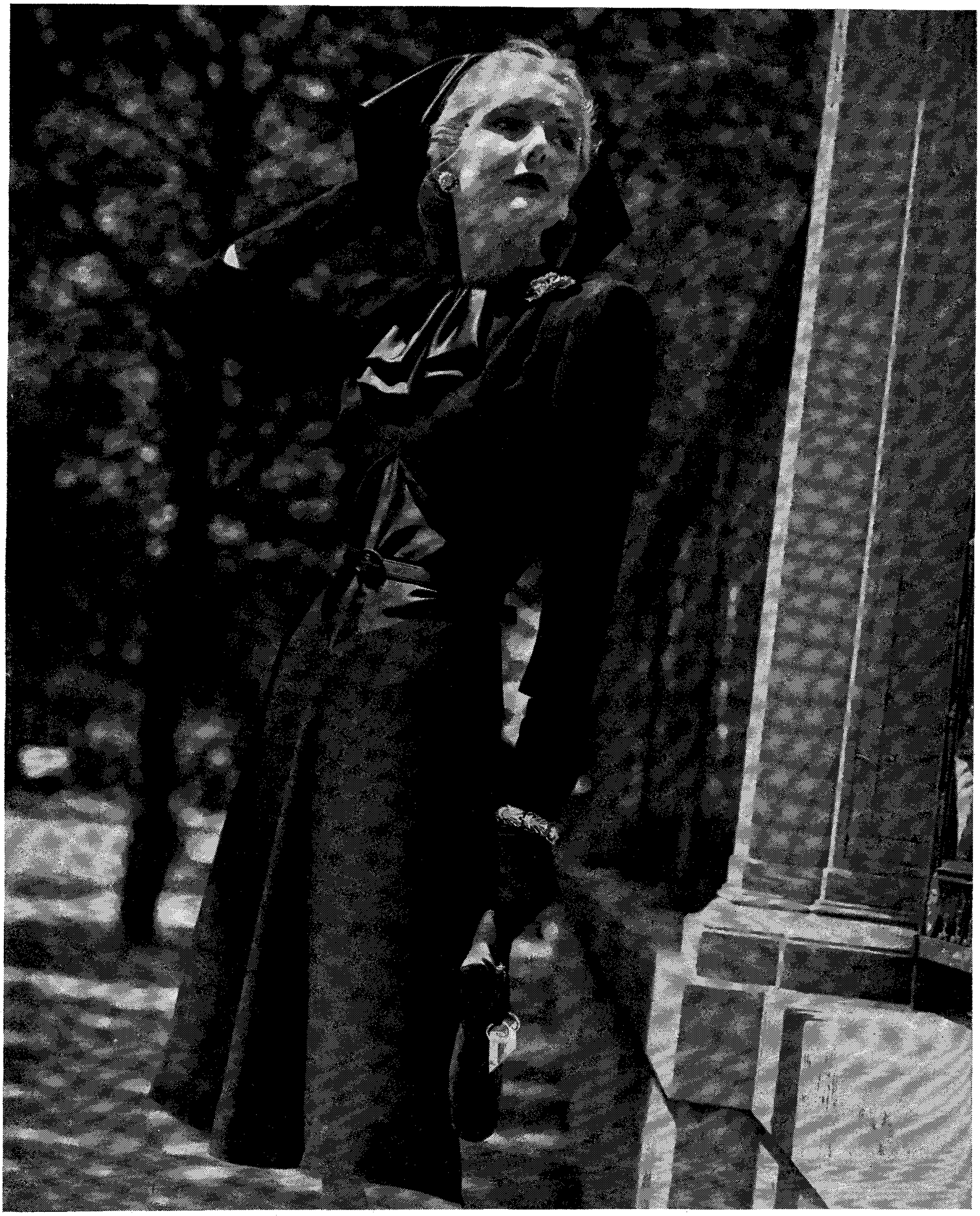
All my love to you and Judy
Al
V---MAIL



BLACK IS ALWAYS SO BEAUTIFUL. It cuts sharp and cool through summer's sultry heat. It stands out importantly at any time or place. Slim rayon crepe with rayon satin midriff and jabot collar. Sizes 10 to 20, 35.00. Altman misses' dresses, third floor

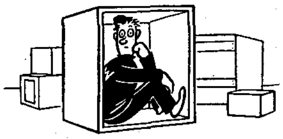
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE still like to think about that German who escaped from Halloran Hospital a couple of weeks ago, spent night and day wandering around Staten Island, and then sneaked back in time for lunch, all without detection by the American guards. A man of infinite hardihood and resource, that German, and obviously a craftier man than his captors. Not a doubt of it. The only trouble was that, once having made his escape from the irksome supervision of his inferiors, he found that there was nowhere to go and nothing much to do. The same discovery is being made, under more painful circumstances, by the entire master race. After the years of preoccupation with the symbols and paraphernalia of war, after the mass meetings under the torches and massed banners, after the exhilaration of killing weaker people, the adventurous spirit finds that adventure is only a temporary disruption of a world that is inexorably orderly.

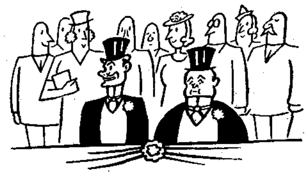


"GENERAL BRADLEY himself has thought a good deal about the different qualities that have made different generals great," *Life* noted the other week. "After reading 'Lee's Lieutenants,' he remarked that Grant was great because of his stubbornness, Sherman because of his energy, Lee because of his character." The General Bradley *Life* was referring to is Lieutenant General Omar N. Bradley, commander of the American ground forces in France, and "Lee's Lieutenants" is Douglas Southall Freeman's historical best-seller. This answers a question that has interested us from time to time, which is where our leading generals learn their military history. They learn it from best-sellers, like the rest of us, including the editors of *Life*.

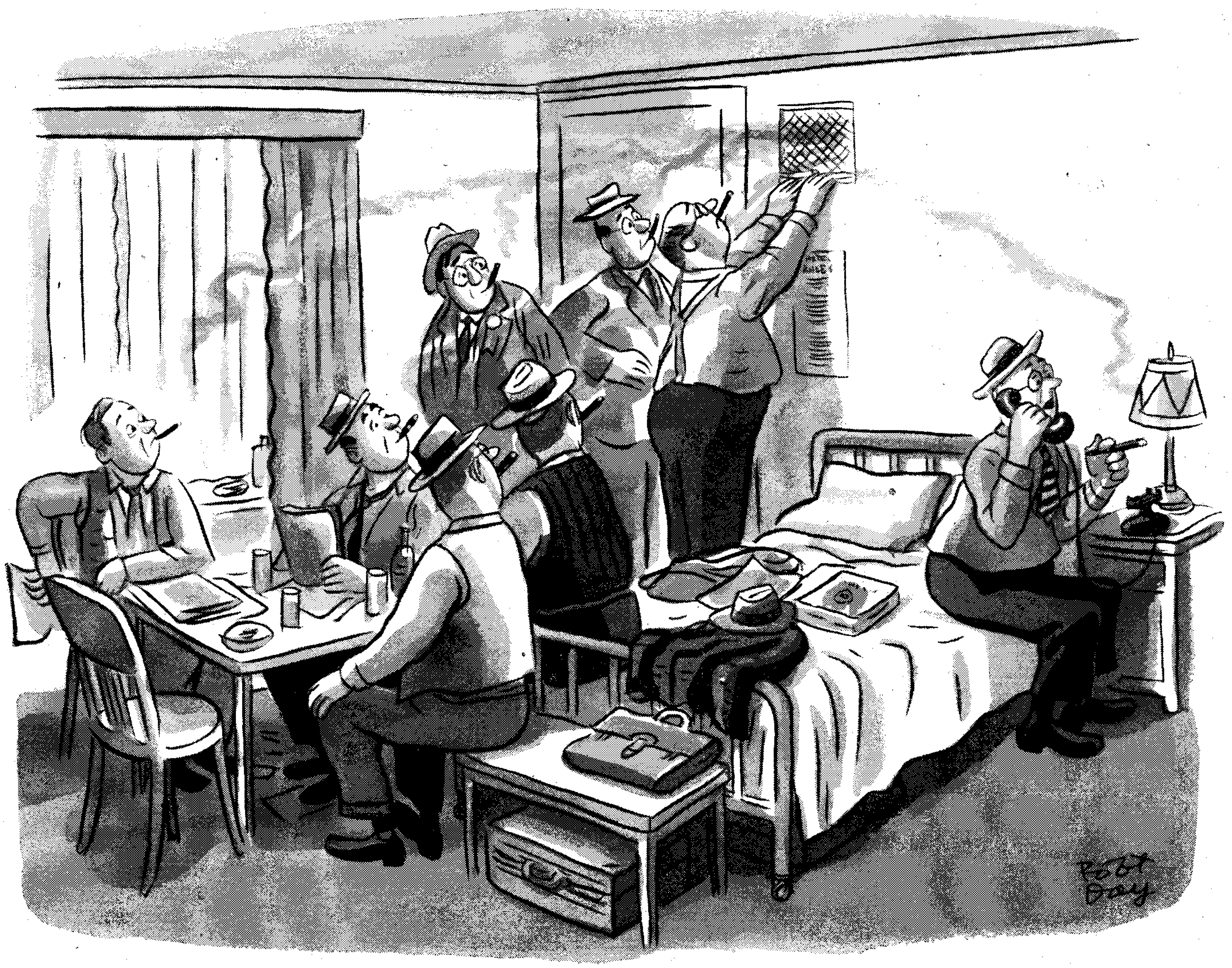
OUR teams of Civil Affairs Administrators for Occupied Territory landed in France with the assault troops, carrying—through the surf and up the bullet-swept beach—typewriters, mimeograph machines, folding desk chairs, pencils, paper, and filing cabinets. In a news photograph we saw of a Civil Affairs team of thirty-nine officers and enlisted men, we counted twenty-one rifles and five typewriters, or approximately one rifle to every two men and one typewriter to every eight. We suspect that the term "typewriter commandos," used opprobriously for O.W.I. writers and others, will have to be discarded so far as these lads are concerned, since they seem as heroic as the sub-machine-gun commandos, and somewhat more heavily laden. It makes us feel somehow that the wheezy, battered old machine upon which we grope through these sentences has been dignified by this development, as though we owned an obscure and laughable mongrel dog who was suddenly discovered to be the half-brother of a champion.

OUR idea of an invention to aid the war effort is a device which would make it possible, and mandatory, for each telephone caller to dial an individual and recognizable ring, perhaps his initials, or even his whole name, in Morse code. This would eventually relieve the overcrowding of the telephone lines. We know that on that basis we would answer no more than thirty per cent of our calls at home and probably none at all at the office, and when you multiply that by forty million telephone users you've got a stupendous saving. And we can think of nothing that would do more for civilian morale, either.

A RECENT article in the *Nation* contained the statement that Governor Stassen is the logical Vice-Presidential candidate on Dewey's ticket, but that Dewey has a "terrible Mutt and Jeff complex" and is strongly opposed to running with a man half a head taller than himself. If this report is true, the Republican Party is in a desperate quandary. The grim facts are these: Dewey is 5′ 8″, whereas, of the Republicans currently mentioned as Vice-Presidential possibilities, Governor Saltonstall is 6′ 1″, Senator Ball 6′ 3″, Governor Warren 6′ ¾″, Governor Bricker 6′ 2″, Governor Stassen 6′ 3″, and Senator Taft 6′. There is, of course, one obvious and happy way out for the Republicans. Victor Moore is 5′ 7″, he has already made Vice-Presidential history, and his quavering mezzo-soprano would go well with Dewey's concert tenor. "Dewey and Throttlebottom" ought to sweep the country.



OUR War Bond drives should serve to convince our enemies that, in addition to being able to subscribe practically limitless amounts of money, we possess boundless and terrifying energies which we have no idea of hoarding. The purchase of bonds might well have been arranged in a prosaic and economical manner, so that it would have been a mere matter of consenting



"Is there any way of turning off the air-conditioning? We're supposed to work in a smoke-filled room."

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to a salary deduction and wearing a lapel pin, but this would have starved the pranksome spirit of the civilian American. The love of liberty is in his heart, and he has the dough in his pants pocket to back it up, but that doesn't mean he isn't going to shop around for a War Bond auction where he can pick up a little extra in the line of consumer goods or plain old prewar fun.

Some of the boons—and all this is official, mind you—that have been offered to purchasers in our various War Bond drives are tickets to plays, alarm clocks, stockings made of domestic silk, diaper pins, Scotch, rye, gin, brandy, doughnuts, Nazi banners, corned-beef sandwiches, after-theatre dates with chorus girls, cocoa, steel toothpicks, baby carriages, sugar, rides in jeeps and tanks, kisses from Marlene Dietrich, hockey sticks, curtain rods, fur coats, autographs, Chippendale furniture, bologna sausage, livestock, pedigreed dogs of various breeds, refrigerators, walking sticks, Dresden miniatures, antique goblets, quilts, surgical dressings, cigarette lighters, electric toasters, Japanese daggers, invasion money, diamond rings, grapefruit corers, egg cups, torpedo pins, paintings, literary manuscripts, salami, savings accounts, safety pins, tires, time bombs, inner-spring mattresses, roller skates, shrapnel fragments, turtles, shoes, bicycles, dancing lessons, and spittoons. All this, we imagine, must be a source of gloomy astonishment to the Germans and Japs, few of whom have the energy to take dancing lessons or the *joie de vivre* to bid for a spittoon.

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Incidental Intelligence: Among the business leaders who have enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute's intensive Course of Executive Training is Sewell Avery. The handbook of the course is called "Forging Ahead in Business."

There's a cat on the payroll of the New Yorker Delicatessen at Madison and Thirty-sixth Street who has learned to sit on the green bananas and ripen them.

A soldier at Camp Upton reports that there is a sign in his barracks reading, "In case of fire, this is Building No. T-316."

Navy Guns

It used to be fashionable to speak of the battleship as a weapon made obsolete by the airplane, but after what has been happening along the Normandy coast and in the Pacific lately, we have noted an abrupt change in the fashion. We present here a few facts on the general subject of naval guns, although this is obviously not an ideal time to go very far into the topic. To begin somewhere near the beginning, the grandfather of the present-day battleship was the Maine, the principal figure in the 1898 version of Pearl Harbor. She was launched in 1894, displaced 6,682 tons, and had, as her principal armament, four ten-inch guns. (This measurement, we need hardly say, is the interior diameter of the barrel.) Her maximum range was five miles, and her accuracy at that distance was nothing to bet heavily on. Take, for comparison, the North Carolina, which was commissioned in 1941: her tonnage is five times that of the Maine and she has nine sixteen-inch guns which can score hits on a very small target twenty miles off—and it should be noted that we are necessarily using prewar figures, some of which may now be something of an understatement.

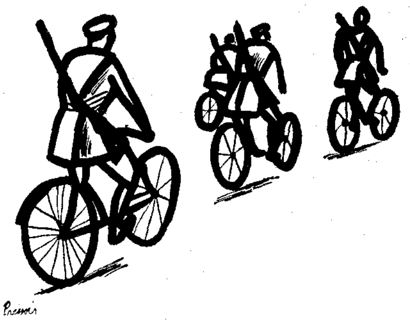
The United States has built fifty-odd battleships since the Maine was commissioned, and she would have built seven more if they hadn't been scrapped before completion in accordance with the naval disarmament treaty of 1922. These would have had sixteen-inch guns, and would have been very useful lately, no doubt. It's hard to believe a nation could have been so dumb. The Maryland mounted sixteen-inch guns when she was commissioned in 1921, but except for her and her two sister ships, the Colorado and the West Virginia, all our battleships dating from before 1941 have lesser armament, or, as we say, did have the last time journalists were allowed to check up. The Arkansas, which we wrote about last week, has twelve-inch guns, which can throw 870-pound projectiles seven miles. The Texas, the Nevada, the New York, and seven other elderly battlewagons mount fourteen-inch guns and have a range of ten miles with a 1400-pound shell. The newest battleships, with the twenty-mile range, hurl a projectile weighing more than a ton, and at sixteen miles they have no trouble at all repeatedly hitting a target no larger than the clock tower of the Paramount Building.

A great part of the effectiveness of the modern naval gun lies in its range finder. This was first used in 1904, and since then has grown into something unbelievably complicated. It still operates on the simple Euclidean principle that, given one side and the two adjacent angles of a triangle, all other values can be solved, but it now takes into consideration such factors as the pitch, roll, and forward speed of the ship, wind velocity, and the rotation of the earth. Nobody without an engineering degree is supposed to know anything much about our range finders except that one takes a year and a half to build, weighs ten thousand pounds, costs thirty-five thousand dollars, and has fifteen hundred mechanical parts, many of them more precise than those of a fine watch. At that, the range finder is not so mysterious as the naval version of radar, which is so darn mysterious we're unable to say any more about it. A Navy man has pointed out that a new battleship can deliver nine tons of explosive and metal with each broadside, or thirty tons a minute, and that to keep up with that an air force would have to bring five bombers a minute over a target, each carrying six tons of bombs.

In the invasions of this war, walkie-talkie men have been able to direct offshore warships to targets as small as individual tanks. One destroyer is equal to a battalion of light artillery, a light cruiser to two battalions of heavy and two of light artillery, and a heavy cruiser to about three battalions of heavy artillery. There is nothing to compare a battleship to, because the Army doesn't have any mobile guns larger than eight-inchers—or didn't have in the old days, unless they borrowed a naval gun and put it on a railroad flatcar. The largest guns ever built to go to sea were two eighteen-inchers on the British cruiser Furious. The Furious was converted into a carrier and the guns were put up at Singapore for harbor defense. The Japs have them now, somewhere. The United States has, or used to have, sixteen-inch guns for coastal defense. We don't know how big the British and German guns are that shoot across the English Channel, a distance of twenty miles. A shell, by the way, that travels twenty miles, net, gains an altitude of five miles in getting there.

The Price of Peace

THIS is a rather sad story about a soldier who, during the course of a lonely weekend in the city, recognized Ely Culbertson in a Hamburg Heaven and struck up a conversation with him. Inevitably, they got onto the topic of the Culbertson plan for total peace, and the soldier remarked that he had read editorials about the plan but had never seen Mr. Culbertson's book. He explained that he hardly felt that he could buy books on a soldier's pay. Mr. Culbertson thereupon jotted down the soldier's address and said that a copy of the book would arrive from his publisher. What actually arrived from the publisher, several days later, was a small brochure extolling the book and giving its retail price: paper, abridged, 25¢; cloth, $2.50.



Central Park Beachhead

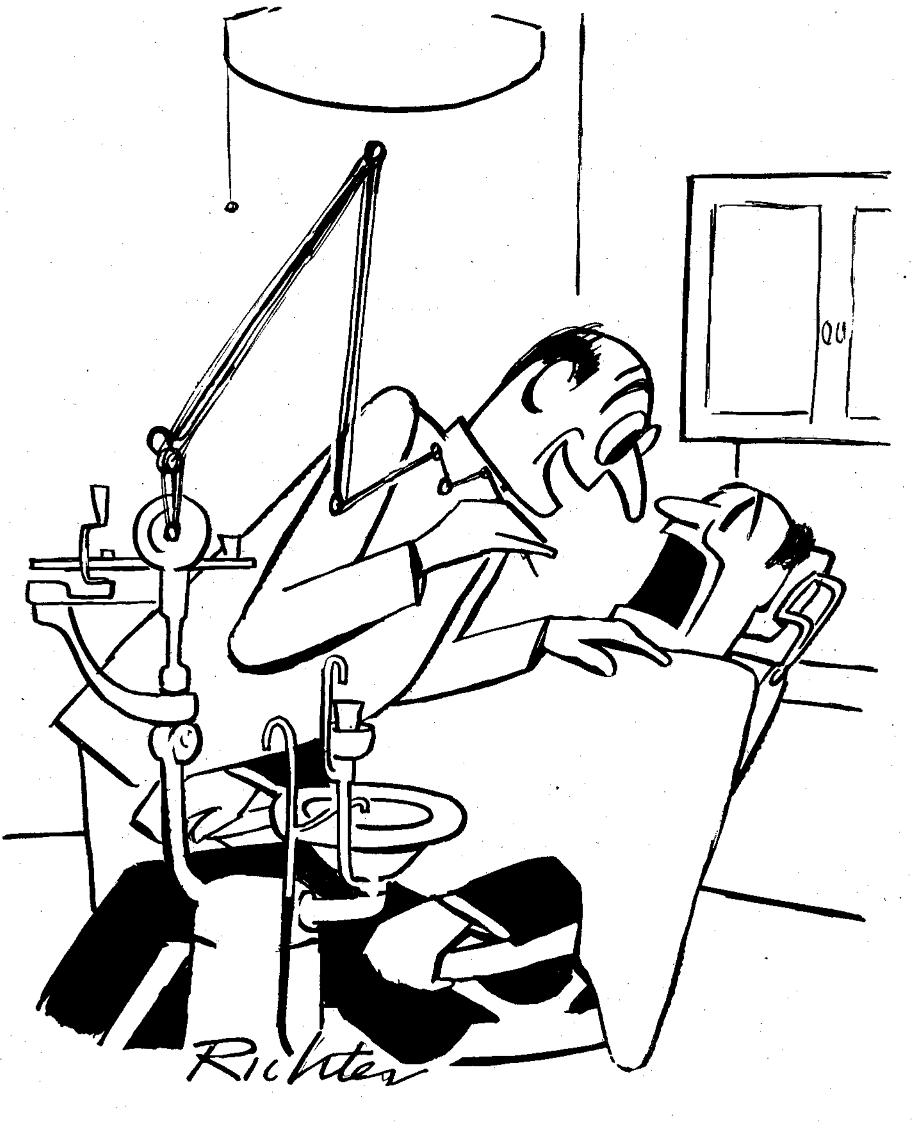
IF we are devoting a great deal of space to armaments this week, we make no apologies. Certainly we couldn't have neglected the Army's Weapons for War exhibit up in Central Park. It is probably the greatest concentration of modern armament the city has ever seen, and swarming over it the morning we chose for our tour of inspection was the greatest concentration of small boys we have ever seen. It was like a sinister addition to the city's playground facilities. A wan captain who took us in tow and showed us around told us that the exhibit was attracting at least twenty-five thousand small boys a day, as well as a big turnout of adults in the evening. Raising his voice to a scream, to carry over the shouts of "ack-ack-ack-ack-ack" and other sounds of simulated gunfire, he shouted, "It's like this every day! They're waiting when we open up at eleven, and they all rush in and establish positions! By the time they leave in the evening, none of us is worth a damn!" The first day, it seems, the young visitors merely looked on, but the second day they took over, and that's the way it's been ever since.

Passing a jeep, in which buyers of War Bonds are from time to time given free rides, we counted sixteen small boys in and on it, most of them fighting for possession of the steering wheel. Nearby, a lad of eight or so sat on the ground, weeping with frustration. "I yam *not* dead!" he shouted to somebody in the jeep. "You missed me by a mile!" The captain sighed as he abstractedly returned the salute of a small fry in a tin hat. "Oh, dear," he said. The lad who had saluted yelled, "Hey, cut off that German! He's trying to escape in that plane!" and darted off to some faraway Normandy meadow. Pointing to an

Army band which, melting in the hot sun, was playing "You'll Never Know," our captain said, "If the kids had their way, that band would be playing 'From the Halls of Montezuma' all day." We saw a cluster of sub-sub-draft-age males envelop a military policeman. "Well, waddya know? An M.P.," one of them said, with the traditional acrimony of the buck private. "Hey, fellas, get a load of the M.P. here." The M.P. tried to look unconcerned, but he was obviously somewhat daunted.

Before the start of the sham battle, which takes place every half hour, we went around backstage, where we saw the soldier actors who participate in it. Half were dressed as Japs or Germans and the other half wore their G.I. uniforms. "I was surprised enough when I found myself in North Dakota one time," one of them told us. "But I'm damned if I ever thought I'd be sitting in Central Park taking pot shots at nothing." Another, upon learning that we represented the press, said for God's sake to be sure and give the Quartermaster Corps credit for the show. "They keep saying it's the M.P.'s or the Air Forces," he complained. "One paper even said it was the cops." "Yeah," another muttered. "We rehearsed this for two months, and what do we get? Derision." We went out front for the next show and would describe the audience reaction at that performance as enthusiastic rather than derisive, however. In addition to the recorded battle sounds that were broadcast as the Americans moved in against the phony Germans, there were constant bursts of "ack-ack-ack" and "uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-wheeeeeeeeeeeeee-*bang!*" from the stands. Occasionally one of the spectator combatants became a casualty, going down with a grunt into a picturesque attitude. "Gotcha, yuh rat!" one little boy muttered, aiming a wooden pistol at one of the actors. "Don't shoot!" his friend yelled. "It's one of our guys."

After the performance, the audience, as one boy, lined up at the kitchen exhibit, where Army bakers were doling out sample slices of Army bread and its German counterpart, which is somewhat putty-colored and tasteless. "It's always the same," the captain murmured at our elbow. "They line up four or five times for bread, then they go back and wait for the next show. They use the German bread to throw at people. Once they got the colonel."



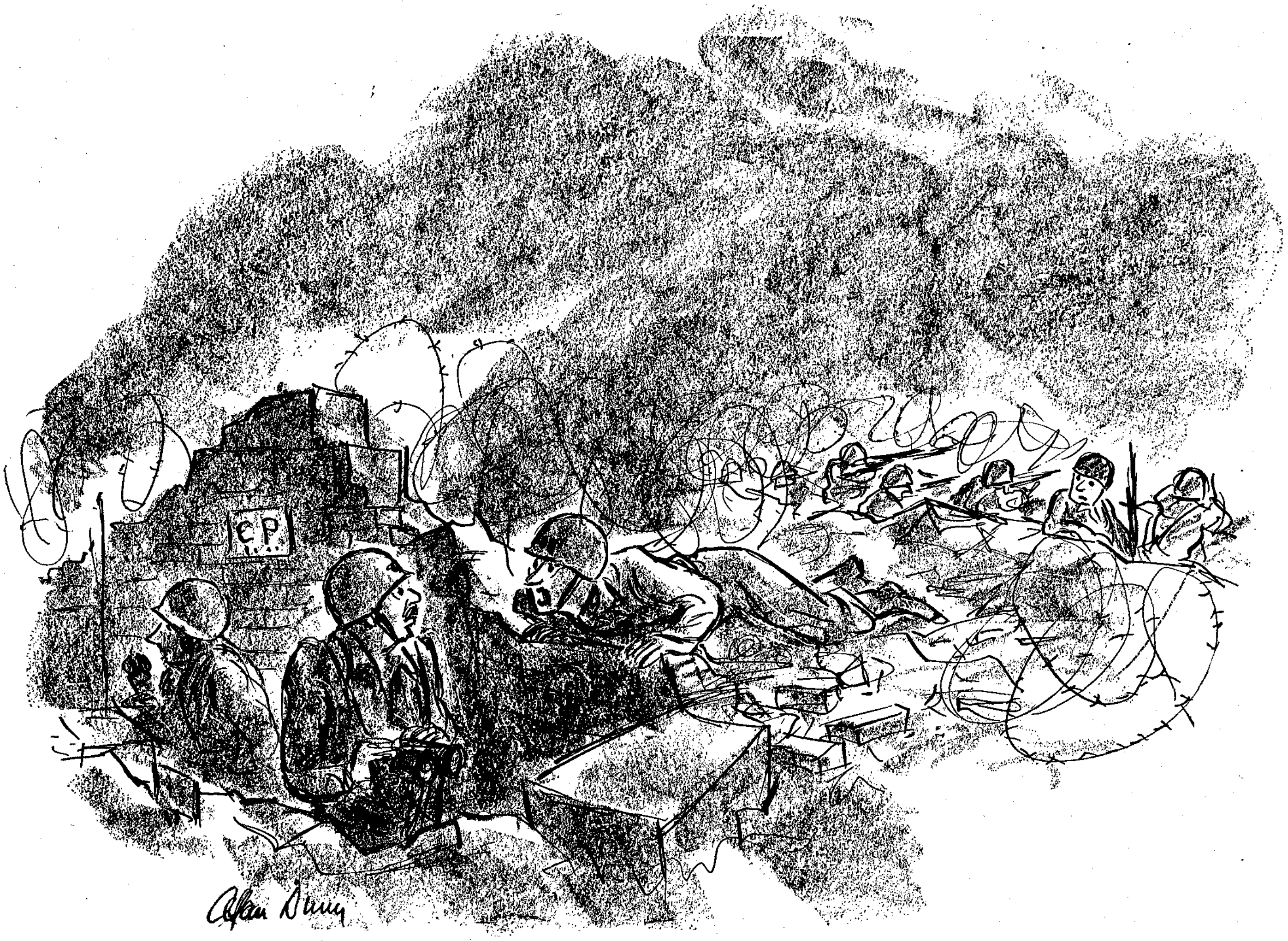
"Boy, am I glad I'm not in your shoes!"

Preoccupied

A LADY waiting her turn at a psychoanalyst's office heard a final complaint from an outgoing patient, a large lady in a large, flowery hat: "The worst of it is, Doctor, that I am always conscious of what's on my mind, whether I'm thinking about anything or not."

Candidate

WE witnessed a small Presidential boom one day last week in the Perroquet Suite at the Waldorf. A cocktail party was being given there by Mr. Charles Henry Davis, sometimes known as the Quaker Patriot of Cape Cod, in honor of Mr. Davis, who about a month ago announced his willingness to accept the Republican Presidential nomination if it were offered to him. The cocktail party, to which the press was invited, was simply a means of emphasizing his availability. We confess that until we got our invitation we hadn't heard of Mr. Davis, but along with the invitation, which identified him as the Quaker Patriot and mentioned his Presidential urge, we got a printed circular which showed us just how uninformed we were. The circular listed the high spots of Mr. Davis's life, from 1865, when he was born, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, to 1937, when the Mohawks named him Chief La-wa-ya-no-wa-na (He Does Enormous Things). Intermediate milestones we noted especially were: "1889 to 1906. Consulting Engineer, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, for electric lighting, power and railway plants, buildings, bridges, factories, highways, etc., etc., etc.;" "1892. Built first high-speed cross-country trolley road;" "1897. First suggested tunnelling Hudson River;" "1898. First to suggest what was to be the 'Flivver'—but his people thought this was visionary and would not put up the money;" "1902. Operated the only big anthracite coal



"I tried to commission him in the field as you ordered, sir, but he wants to know what about base pay, rental and subsistence allowance, insurance, and will the post-war plans for the rehabilitation of returned veterans apply to officers as well as men."

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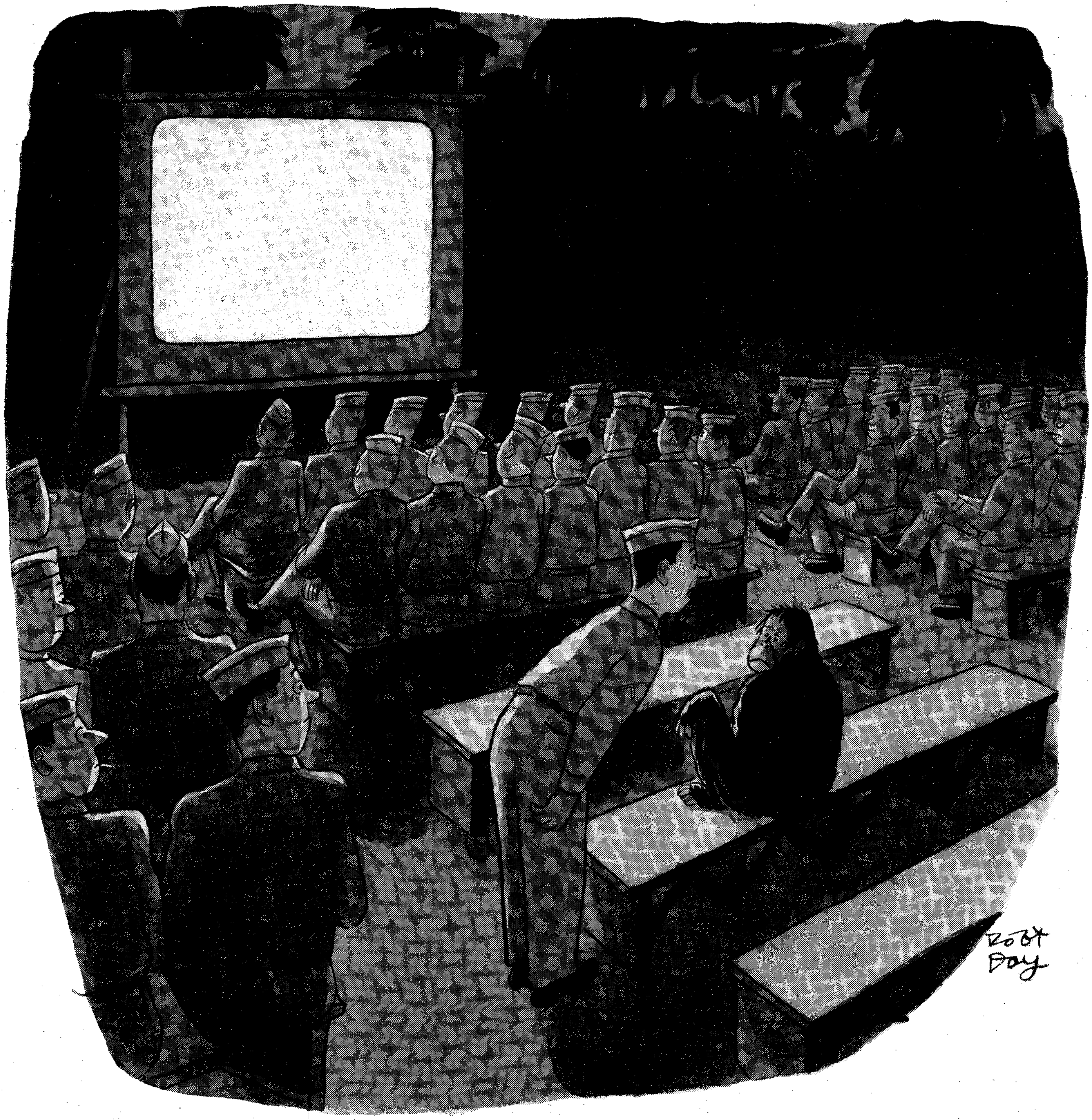
mine to run thru the great strike from April 1 to October 23. Mother Jones and John Mitchell, the great labor leader of his times, failed to get the Davis miners out;" and "1911. First suggested NATIONAL HIGHWAYS—Roosevelt's message to Congress, on its opening 1935, advocated their building." In summation, the circular described Mr. Davis as "President various corporations—Trustee various estates" and "Author of more writings on more subjects than most men."

The first figure to meet our eye as we entered the Perroquet Suite was an elderly but sturdy man with a Churchillian look about him, caused partly, we dare say, by the dark-blue nautical uniform and cap he was wearing. Six medals hung from ribbons on his chest. This turned out to be Mr. Davis, to whom we were soon introduced by a passing press agent. We asked Mr. Davis what his medals were. "Half dollars commemorating the Oregon Trail, a national highway of which I was an organizer," he said. We asked about his uniform. "New York Yacht Club," he said. "I'm a life member." Another guest came up and introduced himself. "My mother was a Friend, Mr. Davis," he said. "A Friend? A Quaker?" Mr. Davis asked. "I am a Quaker. My great-grandmother was Lucretia Mott, the pioneer for women's rights and enemy of slavery."

Some huge flags were hanging on the walls of the suite, a couple of which we recognized as Russian and Chinese but the rest of which we hadn't seen before. One was white with a yellow star, and over it was a legend which read, "One flag over the United States of the World under which all the 65 nations can, without losing their independence, live together FOREVER MORE IN PEACE under the STAR OF BETHLEHEM—GOD ALMIGHTY." Mr. Davis explained to us that this was a symbol of his plan for world government. We asked him when he had decided to become a candidate and he said, "After the dinner given by the *Churchman* for Bernard Baruch, at which I bought a table and for the success of which, if you will excuse my saying so, I was largely responsible. Seeing what a success it was, some of my friends came to me afterward and asked whether I would accept the nomination if they could secure it for me. I said I most certainly would. I have always wanted to be President." A photographer came up and asked Mr. Davis to pose for a picture, which he did. "I have been photographed more than any other living man, I think," he told us. "Where do you live?" asked the photographer. "Bass River, Cape Cod, Massachusetts," said Mr. Davis. "My house is the show place of the Cape. It has twenty-one outside doors."

At this point, our friend the press agent climbed up on a chair and requested the guests, none of whom we



"I'm sorry. This section is reserved for officers."

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could remember ever having seen before, to take seats and listen to an informal address by Mr. Davis, who, he said, was competent to speak on any subject whatsoever. Mr. Davis then spoke briefly on highways, world government, the Republican Party, and other subjects. The feature of the speech was his announcement of his cabinet. It will include Stassen, Hoover, General Marshall, Admiral King, and Henry J. Kaiser in some of the standard posts and Major Seversky as Secretary of Air, Willkie as Secretary of Peace, and Rufus Jones, a Quaker, as Secretary of Social Affairs. Mr. Davis announced also that, if elected, he will not employ a bodyguard.

Auld Lang Syne

A FELLOW who puts up at one of the old family hotels on his visits to New York was abashed to realize, last time he returned home, that he had inadvertently got away without paying his bill. A reproachful letter from the management was waiting at his house. He wrote out a check and composed a covering letter in which he apologized for the oversight and went on to remark that the hotel was regarded as an institution in his family and that in making it his New York headquarters he was following the tradition of his father, who had patronized it for forty years. Several days later the management acknowledged the check and the letter. "We were pleased to be reminded of your father's patronage many years ago," the letter read. "We have checked over our old ledgers and find many entries in his name. Among them is an unpaid item of $20.76, for which we enclose our statement."

IT NEVER HAPPENED

EVEN before Pearl Harbor, I knew Mercedes fairly well from meeting her at bathing beaches and public balls. She was among the best-looking of the Portuguese girls in Hong Kong, and she went out a lot. You could be fairly sure of seeing her Saturday night, dancing at the Hong Kong Hotel in one of the pretty little dresses her mother was always making for her. Her escort wasn’t constant, for Mercedes changed boy friends as often as she did dresses. They were all sorts—bank clerks and local hockey-playing heroes and young policemen just out from England; Mercedes liked them all. Other girls said disapprovingly that she was boy-crazy, but they never went so far as to claim that she wasn’t a *good* girl. Mercedes was respectable. She went to church regularly and she was very good to her mother.

The Hong Kong Portuguese are a special group. Purists call them Macanese because they come from Macao, which is a tiny Portuguese possession four hours by boat from Hong Kong. They represent about five centuries of race mixture: pure Latins from Lisbon, Formosans, Chinese, Goanese from India, and even Japanese and Filipinos. They don’t claim to be pure white, but they do consider themselves, haughtily, far above the British Eurasians in social standing. The other Eurasians don’t share this conviction. Neither do the British, so the Portuguese struggled along on the same insufficient wages that the other Hong Kong half-castes got.

Mercedes didn’t bother much about that. She had her typing job, she had her widowed mother and a handful of sisters, and she had her boy friends. She danced, played hockey, and swam on Sundays. When the British government began preparing for war, she enlisted, like other office girls, in the Auxiliary Nursing Service, and she learned to call herself an A.N.S. and wore a becoming gray uniform.

During the almost three weeks of confusion before the city surrendered, I never gave a thought to Mercedes except to wonder once if she had been stationed in Kowloon, on the mainland, where she lived. I hoped not, because the nurses at the big Kowloon Hospital had gone through a bad three days when the Japs marched in. They had been locked in a small room without food or water all that time. Afterward, I decided that wherever she was, she must be all right, because when things settled down a bit the Portuguese were treated as “neutrals.” It didn’t help them to get food or money, but it did prevent summary executions and that sort of thing, which happened occasionally to enemy nationals.

Then one morning Mercedes walked into the ward of the Queen Mary Hospital where I was working. This was a day or so after the surrender and we at the Queen Mary were still carrying on, wondering when we would be kicked out by the Japs. Mercedes seemed glad to see me. “I didn’t know you were here,” she said. “I’ve just got here myself.”

She looked tired and ill, and there were purple stains under her eyes. Her uniform was fresh and clean, but awfully big for her.

“Are you working here?” I asked, in surprise.

“Well, I guess so, from now on.” She smoothed her skirt. “One of the girls loaned this dress to me,” she said. “I didn’t get out of the spot I was in with anything but a Chinese dress. I had . . . quite a time.”

We went out on the veranda, out of the patients’ hearing, to talk it over. She hadn’t been in Kowloon after all. She had been detailed to an emergency hospital, a first-aid station hastily made over for war purposes the day of Pearl Harbor. Two days before Christmas the Japanese broke through and took over the building.

“We were all scared to death,” said Mercedes. “Oh boy, I don’t want to be an A.N.S. ever again. If there’s ever another war, count me out.”

“But did you have a, uh, bad time?” I asked, not liking to use the word “rape.” “Did they bother the girls?”

Mercedes looked out over the rooftops. “Some of them,” she said. “That old matron didn’t care what happened to anybody but the English girls. She was squawking and fluttering around them like an old hen, but it was no use. I got out of it. I was lucky. I hid under a bed and they didn’t find me that night, and the next morning I put on one of the amahs’ dresses and talked Chinese and got out O. K. I hopped an ambulance that I met going along Blue Pool Road and the driver brought me here, so I just stayed. The doctors here went straight down and got those other girls out when I told ’em. So we’re all all right now. But boy, oh boy, was I scared!” She shook her head and sighed.

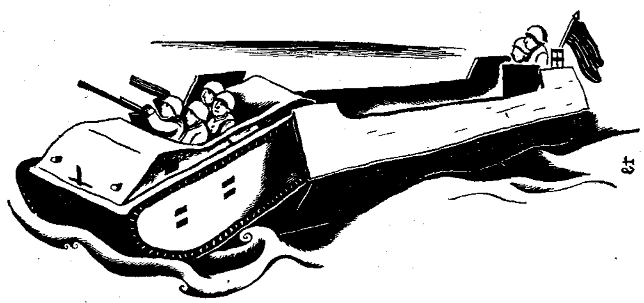
As it happened, I didn’t see Mercedes again before our hospital was disbanded. I met her a month later in a Kowloon street, looking shabby and thin. She chattered lightly as she always did, but she was different. There was no resilience in her. She told me that she and her sister Maria were helping run a Japanese store, the Kajima Bazaar. “The owner, Mr. Kajima, has been here in Kowloon in the same shop for years,” she said, “and we used to buy things there, so he gave us this job. Mother feels that it’s all right.” We talked for a few minutes and then said goodbye.

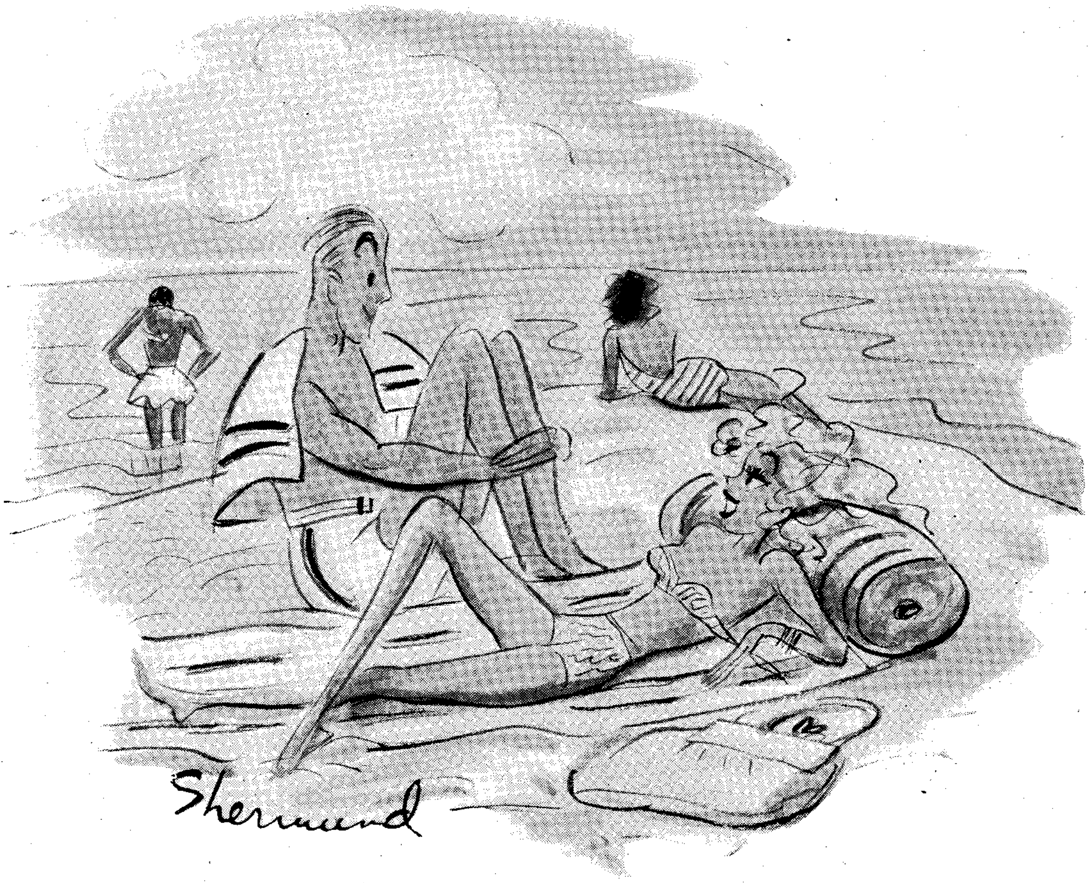
AFTER that, it was a long, long time before I saw Mercedes again. Then one day she made a tremendous effort and came all the way over to Hong Kong and up the hill to call on me. A tall young man, not unattractive, accompanied her and carried her coat and her bag. It was quite like old times, when one never saw Mercedes without some young man waiting on her, running after her. That day she looked almost normal, too, prettily dressed and chatting gaily.

“I came to get your advice,” she said, when they were sitting in the living room and after they had been introduced to the three women who were living with me in the emergency. The three women pricked up their ears. Mercedes looked sideways at the young man and he grinned self-consciously. “Boris wants me to decide something,” she continued. “Could we talk somewhere alone?”

I led Mercedes upstairs to my bedroom, closed the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed with her. “Go ahead,” I said.

“I’m going *in*,” said Mercedes impressively, and I knew what she meant. She was planning to get out of Hong Kong and to slip into Free China, and I wasn’t surprised. Lots of





"I'm just going to relax. I'm not even putting on nail polish."

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other young people in town were getting the same idea.

"But can you do it, Mercedes? They don't always grant permits, you know, to get out of town. Not even to Portuguese."

"Boris says it will be all right," said Mercedes. "That's what I wanted to ask you about. He wants me to marry him and then go. What do you say?"

I said that I didn't know Boris and couldn't say anything.

"I met him around town," said Mercedes. "He's Russian and he was with the police before. He's got a Russian passport. His name's Smirnoff. I don't really want to marry him especially, but he knows the ropes for getting out of here. It's not easy. You go to Macao first and then you take the boat to Kwangchowan, the French concession near Indo-China, and you just walk right across the border. I couldn't go alone, so I'd have to go with Boris. Inside China, you walk a couple of weeks and there you are, at Kweilin. After that, it's easy."

Her eyes were bright. I said that none of this was new to me, which was true. That avenue of escape was an open secret, to the Japanese as well as to us. They didn't seem to mind the Chinese going, but sometimes they were sticky when other people did it, even "neutrals."

"You look awfully European, Mercedes," I said doubtfully. "If they arrest you at the boat, it won't be much fun. Sometimes it happens just at the dock, and the boat goes away with all your stuff and there you are."

"That's what Mother says." Mercedes brooded for a little while. "It's all very well for Mother," she said bitterly. "She doesn't mind sitting here until the end. She says she wants to stay in the house because it's all we have left, but she doesn't know what it's like for me, trying to get along with these people. And I'm hating them so, all the time. . . . Did I tell you about Mr. Kajima? We had to live in his house, my kid sister and me. We ran the store for him and kept all the stock, and did all the washing in the house, even the sheets, and the cooking and everything. He paid us thirty yen [about four United States dollars then] a month, and took fifteen back again for room and board, the mean little pig. Then he started to come in drunk any time of the night, right into our room—he said he wanted to play the piano that was there—till one day, while he was out, we moved the piano into the hall. He made me sit up and talk to him late at night, and then he got, you know, funny. He said he'd give me a hundred yen every month if I would be more affectionate. So I said what did he take me for, and working me so hard, too—I even scrubbed the floors—and at his age. I took Maria and we went home to Mother. Now I *can't* find another job." She frowned and swung her feet, kicking the bed. "I thought *you'd* encourage me to go away," she said reproachfully.

"Mercedes, I do think you should get out of here, of course. I'm just not sure about Boris. Must you marry him?"

"Mother says so," said Mercedes. "Mother says she's got to see my marriage license before she lets me go away together with him."

I suggested going downstairs so that I could have another look at Boris.

We found him holding forth to the other women over a cup of tea. ". . . So I told the Colonel," he was saying, " 'All right, go ahead and shoot me. And see where it gets you,' I said. Well, me being a Russian had them worried, see. They don't know any difference between Red Russians and White Russians these days. Anyway, I'm practically a Soviet Russian myself nowadays. That's why I want to get into China, to join up with the Soviets. So then the Colonel says . . ."

I was still doubtful about Boris when they left, but I hadn't had the heart to dampen Mercedes' ardor. Certainly Hong Kong was no place for a young girl. I was glad I had encouraged her to get out.

IT might have gone smoothly, though you never can tell about these things, if Mercedes had kept her head and got herself married first. As the wife of a Russian, the Japanese would have considered that she shared his nationality and they would have acted accordingly. They seem to respect the Russians, even the refugees from 1917 who crowd the Far East seaports, because they don't want to make mistakes and antagonize the Soviet diplomats. Just then they were especially anxious to avoid complications. Mercedes had chosen her fiancé wisely, and if only she had controlled her natural tendencies— But Mercedes was a hopeless flirt.

I heard the story piecemeal, but it is complete now and I will tell it as it happened. In those days, before the Japs occupied Kwangchowan, the procedure for getting into Free China was as simple as Mercedes had said. Hong Kong, during those months, was full of young people mysteriously puttering around and buying their outfits for the journey—big canvas bags, Chinese wadded gowns for the cold uplands, blankets and towels, and tins. You sent in to the gendarmes your application for the departure permit, without which nobody could leave town, and then you waited a few weeks, and then you went to the gendarmerie office and were told that you hadn't made the application out properly, and you did it all over again. In the meantime, the local paper was full, every day, of articles and editorials urging the population of Hong Kong to get out of town, back to the country. When the permit was granted, you weren't notified; your name, in Japanese characters, was hung outside the gendarmerie door on a bulletin board, and if you didn't recognize it, that was too bad for you, as the permit expired in three days. If that happened before your departure, you just had to settle down in Hong Kong again and read the paper, which every day urged you to get out of town, back to the country.

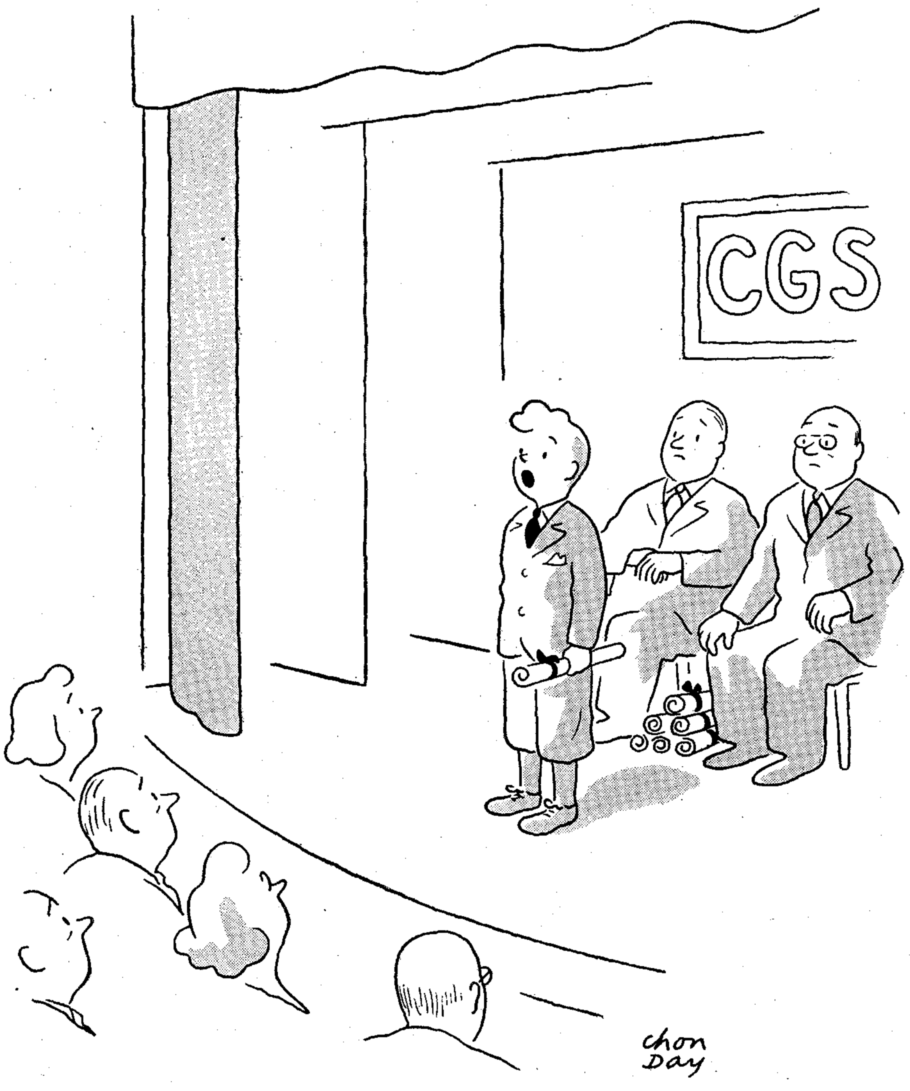
Mercedes got through all that part of it. She had her permit. She was packed and ready to go. The marriage was to take place in Macao, where her mother had a lot of relatives and a favorite priest. So Mercedes was still unmarried the day before her ship sailed. That day the gendarmes came to her house and arrested her.

It is her own theory that the postponement of her wedding to satisfy her mother's whim caused all the trouble, and maybe she is right. Certainly, if she had been married, she would not have started that flirtation with Mr. Chowda, the tall, dark, and handsome Indian who caused so much trouble for her. Mercedes picked him up during the hectic days of packing and preparation. She says he fell madly in love with her, and little by little he won her confidence. At last she told him that she was going into Free China, and with Boris. Mr. Chowda promptly turned her in to the gendarmes as a spy, and Boris too.

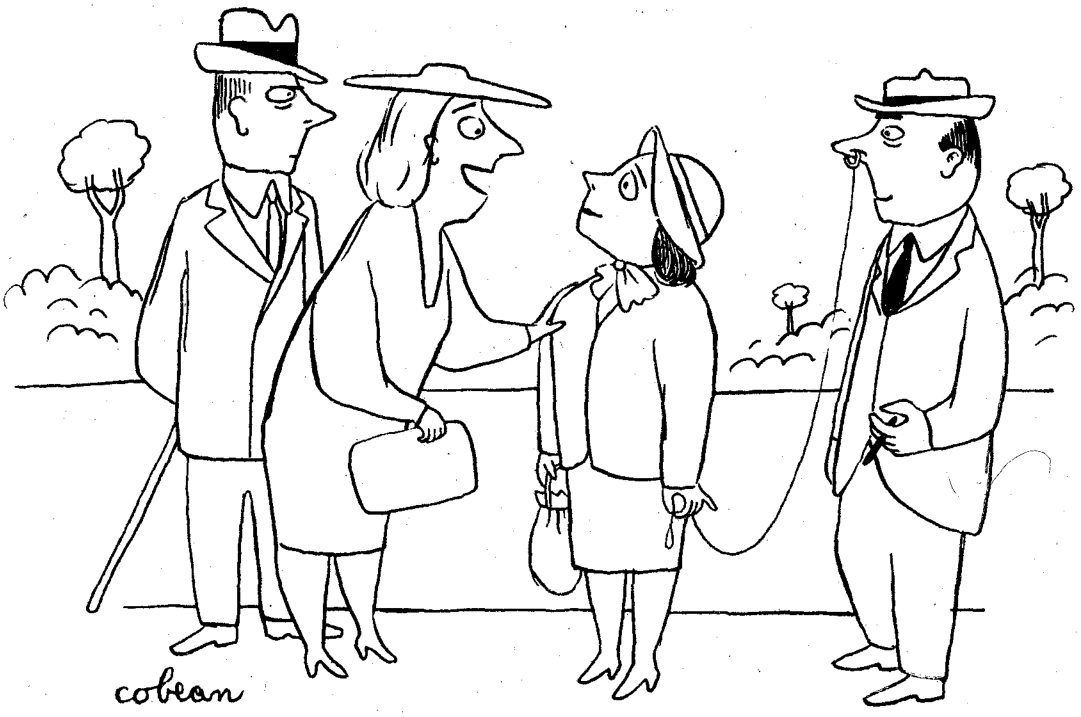
Even so, Mercedes would never admit that Mr. Chowda himself was a spy and a come-on for the gendarmes. I got quite annoyed with her. Like many pretty girls, she didn't have any sense of proportion if a question of her own attractiveness was involved. No, Mr. Chowda had been spurred to this dastardly act, she insisted, because he loved her so madly and was so furiously jealous of Boris. In vain I pointed out that the gendarmes were running a school for detectives and paid the aspiring students so much for every bird they caught and got convicted. In the end Mercedes wasn't convicted, and the Japs scolded Chowda for making them commit false arrest. Not that they aren't used to committing false arrest, but they like scolding Indians, too. In the meantime, Mercedes had had a nasty experience.

She had been put into a cell with a chair in it and a bucket as a substitute for plumbing. No soap or towel or bed, or anything else. However, they gave her a bowl of rice sometimes, and the first afternoon before the questioning began they were remarkably friendly. After all, Mercedes is a very pretty girl. They took her up into their recreation room and played ping-pong with her. "That was really funny," she told me. "There I was, forgetting to be nervous, honestly, because I got interested in the game, and all of a sudden another gendarme came in and asked one of them—we were four in the game, a Japanese stenographer and two men—who I was. And one of the men I was playing with just hit the ball and said over his shoulder, 'Spy.' " She giggled reminiscently. "Imagine!" she said.

Next day the atmosphere was not so friendly. With a small handkerchief and a cup of water, Mercedes scrubbed her face and hands before she was taken to be questioned. She was tired, having been unable to sleep in her chair the night before, and she was horribly frightened because of somebody's screams down the corridor, where some Japanese were



"And now, if I may be allowed to digress, a few words about the fourth term . . ."



"How fortunate you are! I can't even get mine to wear a wedding ring."

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indulging in preliminary third degree on a Chinese prisoner. But they didn't third-degree Mercedes; they only asked questions, which she answered steadily enough. Evidently the gendarmes lost interest in the case pretty soon. Mercedes was so obviously not a spy, or anything but a pretty and stupid little Portuguese. But they never let people go home promptly, even when they're innocent, so Mercedes went back to her cell. Outside, in the public rooms, her mother was frantically begging the gendarmes to find her daughter. "We don't know anything about her," they said.

That night Mercedes managed to drop off to sleep, sitting in her chair. She was awakened by one of the guards softly unlocking her door. When he came close to her, she screamed and fought him off until another guard came running and took him away. Everybody thought that was very funny, and in the morning they let her go home. This was fortunate, for Mercedes had suddenly become hysterical, and she stayed that way for some time afterward. Her mother was puzzled. So was I.

Boris was angry with Mercedes, and after his own release, he beat up Mr. Chowda and went off alone to Macao. Being a Russian, he got away with it. But Mercedes was only a Portuguese and this misadventure put the lid on any chance of her getting away ever again. She was sorrowful and forlorn as she told me about it, and I was very sorry for her.

"We must make the best of it, Mercedes," I said. "After all, your mother must be happy that she's not losing you."

"Yes, that's true." Mercedes was listless. "I don't really care. I'll be all right, I guess, as soon as this gendarme guy stops bothering me."

"Still bothering you? I thought you'd been released with a clear record."

"I have, officially. This one just likes me. He comes to see us every day and I've got to be polite. I keep Mother right there in the room." Her voice trembled perilously; I had learned to look out for that little break. "I hate them so," she said passionately, "every one of them, every one of them. They stink." Her lips, without lipstick, were pale. I noticed that she had stopped caring about her appearance. Even her black hair was messy. She looked a sick and sorry little girl.

"They get transferred, you know," I said comfortingly. "This one will probably go away soon, too."

"Oh, I know."

"And all in all you've been extremely lucky, Mercedes," I said. "You shouldn't complain. You got off easy from the very beginning, when you escaped from those soldiers at the hospital. Lots of other girls weren't so lucky."

Mercedes gave me a long, frightened stare. "Yes, I know," she said rapidly. "Yes. I told you about that, didn't I? I got away from them in the dark and hid under a cot." She stopped and gulped, then hurried on. "The other girls had to go with them. They went up to the operating theatre and the soldiers took them in one at a time, and it was no use fighting. The men went around in search parties, looking everywhere for more girls, under cots and everywhere. I was so afraid I vomited. It wasn't any use fighting, you know. One of the Chinese nurses fought and the man pulled his bayonet out of his belt and cut her wrist. Her hand was almost cut off. You see, it wasn't any use fighting. It looked horrible the way her wrist was cut. Her hand hung down and it bled. It wasn't any use fighting. You see that, don't you? It wasn't any use."

"Of course not, Mercedes."

"But I got away. I got away in the dark. I was lucky." Her eyes, with the shadows under them, were enormous.

"Yes, you were." I understood it all now.

"I hate them so," said Mercedes. "When they used to come into the shop at Mr. Kajima's, I began to shake. Since I've been at the gendarmerie, I have dreams all the time. I'm going crazy."

"Those other girls who didn't get away," I said desperately. "Listen, Mercedes. They ought to forget all about it. It doesn't really matter. Are you listening? If those girls can stop thinking about it, after a while it will all be wiped out, just as if it never happened. Believe me, Mercedes, that's true. If a thing isn't in your mind, don't you see, it never happened." I looked her straight in the eyes. "It never happened, even to those other girls, the ones who weren't lucky like you. It never happened."

"Maybe," said Mercedes.

—Emily Hahn

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My homemade fudge comes out creamy and grand, but why does my throat burn when I eat it?—*Washington Star.*

That's just it—why?

SOMEBODY HAS TO DIE

ANGELO D'ONOFRIO was one of the first passengers to get off the train at the Pennsylvania Station. He had slept in the clothing he wore, there was egg salad on his shirt from a sandwich he had been given in a Winston-Salem canteen, his breath smelled of the whiskey a staff sergeant who got off the train at Wilmington had given him, there was a stubble on his chin, and he carried one of those scuffed and dirty cardboard suitcases that garrison supply sergeants collect on their shelves. He had been living a simple and rigorous life and it could be said for him that his eyes were very bright and clear.

Angelo started for the telephone booths on the station's second level and found them where he remembered them. He had been away for only a year, and no further away than the Mojave Desert, but the accuracy of his memory pleased him. He telephoned his home and his mother answered. He told her he would be there in twenty minutes. She began to talk in Italian. She had not expected him and she was still talking excitedly when he hung up. He walked directly to the Eighth Avenue subway platform, pleased again with the accuracy of his memory. It was late in the evening and the train Angelo boarded was half empty. He looked around at the other passengers with as much curiosity as he would have brought to animals in the Zoo. He sat opposite a Jew with a beard, a woman holding a sleeping child, and a well-dressed young man. As his eyes moved down the car he saw another private, as tired and dirty as himself. Their eyes met for an instant in a nearly furtive look of recognition. Angelo continued to examine the other passengers and the second soldier went back to studying the car cards.

Angelo left the subway at Fourth Street and walked toward his father's restaurant in the Italian neighborhood. The restaurant was in a basement. The lights were still burning. Through the windows he could see the family table beyond the bar. His mother, his father, his uncle, and his young niece sat there, waiting for him. His wife was not at the table. When he opened the door, a little bell rang. His father limped across the restaurant with his arms outstretched. "Angelo! Angelo!" he cried, and he embraced his son and kissed him on the shoulder.

"Where's Maria?" Angelo asked.

"Angelo, Angelo!" his mother said, and she embraced him. "You're thin," she said. "Are you strong? Let me feel your muscle. How was maneuvering in Mississippi?"

"Where's Maria?" Angelo asked.

"She went to the hospital," his father said. "We took her to the hospital this afternoon."

"She's all right, she's all right," his mother said impatiently, and she led him toward the family table, holding onto his arm. "Did you see Tony Gavaldo? Why didn't you write me more letters? Do you get the food I send you? Tell me what you did in Mississippi."

"Where's the hospital?" Angelo said. "I want to see Maria."

"It's the hospital way up on 168th Street," his mother said. "The hospital's closed. First you eat. *Lasagna*. Chicken. Real Chianti."

Angelo greeted his uncle and his niece and sat down at the table.

"Did the doctor say Maria was all right?" he asked.

"She's all right, she's all right," his mother said. "She only went this afternoon."

"I'm in the seventh grade, Angelo," his niece said.

"Tell me about the Army, Angelo," his uncle said. "You don't answer my letters. What do you think? I want to know what you think. What kind of a war are you fighting? For Umberto? You learn how to shoot a gun so you can protect Umberto? Is that it?"

"No politics," his mother said. "Eat the *lasagna*, Angelo."

"I need some money for Maria," Angelo said.

"Don't worry," his father said. "We're rich. The business we have now. Lobster. Pheasant. The telephone rings all day. People want tables. Last night a woman came and ordered pheasant. She was drinking."

"Seven Martinis," his mother said. "She smelled like a garden. A mink coat and topazes as big as lemons."

"Everybody has mink coats today," his uncle said. "One day on Madison Avenue I counted eighty-three mink coats."

"This one orders pheasant," his father said. "Martinis. Italian Asti spumante. Twelve dollars a bottle. Gio cooks the pheasant for her and she puts her cigarette out in it."

"I want to go to the hospital," Angelo said. He stood and picked up his garrison cap.

"You didn't eat anything, Angelo," his mother said.

"You come back tonight?" his father asked.

"I won't be back tonight," Angelo

said. "I haven't got a furlough yet. Maybe next month."

"Tony Gavaldo got three furloughs," his mother said. "Joe Cusak, Luigi Da Bennetto got furloughs."

"I'll write you more letters," Angelo said. He kissed his mother. She looked stricken. He smiled at the others and quickly left the restaurant.

IT was after midnight then. There were only a few people on the subway that carried him to the other end of the city. He left the train at 168th Street and asked directions from a policeman. The hospital was across the street. From the outside it looked to Angelo like a college. An old man at the information desk told him to go to the tenth floor. There he found a lighted desk and a white-haired nurse. "Your wife is in the delivery room," she told Angelo, after taking his name and checking it with a card index.

"I have to see her," Angelo said.

"She's in the delivery room. You can't see her now."

"But I have to," Angelo said. "I have to go back tonight."

"You can see her tomorrow," the nurse said. "You can't see her while she's in the delivery room."

"I won't be here tomorrow," Angelo said.

"Telephone the Red Cross," the nurse said. "They'll give you an extension on your furlough."

"I haven't got any furlough," Angelo said. "I'm not supposed to be here. I only got a two-day pass for Winston-Salem. If I don't get back by tomorrow night, they'll put me in jail."

The nurse looked up at him. "If you're not supposed to be here, there's nothing I can do," she said. "We're fighting a war, too. No nurse would leave her post without permission and I don't think a soldier should." She picked up a board to which many charts were clamped and walked away.

Angelo lit a cigarette. Then he broke it between his fingers as the Army had taught him and dropped the tobacco and the small roll of paper into a sand bucket. He put his hands into his pockets for the first time in nearly a year. A student nurse came down the hall. Angelo asked her if he could see his wife. She listened sympathetically and went away. She returned a few minutes later, followed by another woman, who walked fifteen or twenty feet behind her. The second woman was dressed like a convict. She walked in paper slippers and the shapeless garment she wore had been ripped by washing machines and mangles. Angelo went to her. His eyes were burning and when he took her in his arms it seemed as though he held there all the warmth and light in the world.

"My Angelo," Maria said. She was crying like a child.

"You'd better come in here," the nurse said. She opened the door to a small room off the hall, and Angelo and Maria went in and sat on a leather sofa.

"Don't cry, Maria," Angelo said. Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"Did you have a nice trip?" she said. "When did you get here? Have you seen your mother?"

"Don't cry," he said. "Are you all right? Is the baby going to be all right?"

"I'm all right," she said. "The baby's going to be all right. Did you come all the way from the desert?"

"We're in South Carolina now," he said. "We came up to South Carolina last week."

"Did you get a furlough?" she asked.

"No, a pass. I can just stay a couple of days," he said. It seemed better to lie.

"Hold me," she said.

He put his arms around her shoulders. The pains started lightly. He could feel the convulsions pass through her shoulders. She put her feet up onto the sofa and pressed against the arm. She wrung the limp belt of her dress in her fingers. In another room a woman began to shriek.

"That's the Cuban woman," Maria said. "She makes an awful lot of noise."

"Is the pain all over?"

"It's all over."

"We went to South Carolina in Pullmans last week," he said.

"There's a lady in the delivery room," Maria said. "Her husband's in the Pacific Ocean."

"When I got your telegram," he said, "I went to the Red Cross and tried to get a furlough, but we're alerted and you can't get furloughs for just having a baby. They wanted to give me one, but they couldn't. Somebody has to die."

"Hold me," she said.

The pains shook her shoulders again. He looked at his wrist watch. Maria began to cry and struggle in his arms. The pain left her breathing deeply when it passed away.

"That was the first one that hurt much," she said.

"Does the doctor think you're all right?"

"The doctor says I'm fine. You look thin. Your face is brown, just like you've been in Florida all winter."

"There's a man in our regiment who says it used to cost him three hundred dollars every winter to get a tan. Now he gets one free."

"Now hold me," she said.

He held her again. This time the spell of pain was much longer. She groaned and covered her mouth with her hands to muffle the groans. She dropped her hands and struggled in his arms and screamed. The nurse opened the door and came into the room. "You'd better go back now, Mrs. D'Onofrio," she said. Angelo held her until the pain had gone. He kissed her good night and said he would be there in the morning. There would have been no sense in telling her the truth and he supposed that in the morning she would be too tired to care. The nurse took her arm and led her down the hall.

THE city, when Angelo stepped from the hospital into its streets, seemed like an enormous cave. He was so tired that there was a ringing in his ears. He took a subway to Pennsylvania Station. There was still some time before his train left. He remembered a church in the neighborhood and he went there. The doors were open, the church was empty, and he knelt down at one of the pews in the rear. He thought of the room in which his child had been conceived. It was in a small hotel in Savannah, where Maria had met him for a weekend. They had planned a celebration, but there was no restaurant in Savannah they could afford, so they ate sandwiches in their room. It was raining in the city of Savannah, and when they went out in the streets for a walk they saw a bloody fight between some soldiers and sailors.

Angelo wanted to say a prayer for his child, but he could think of none he liked. He thought back over his own life and it seemed to have been a happy one—the summers on his uncle's truck farm, the games of stick ball on the streets in May and June, the Christmas parties at the settlement house. He prayed that the life of his child would be as happy as his life had been.

—John Cheever

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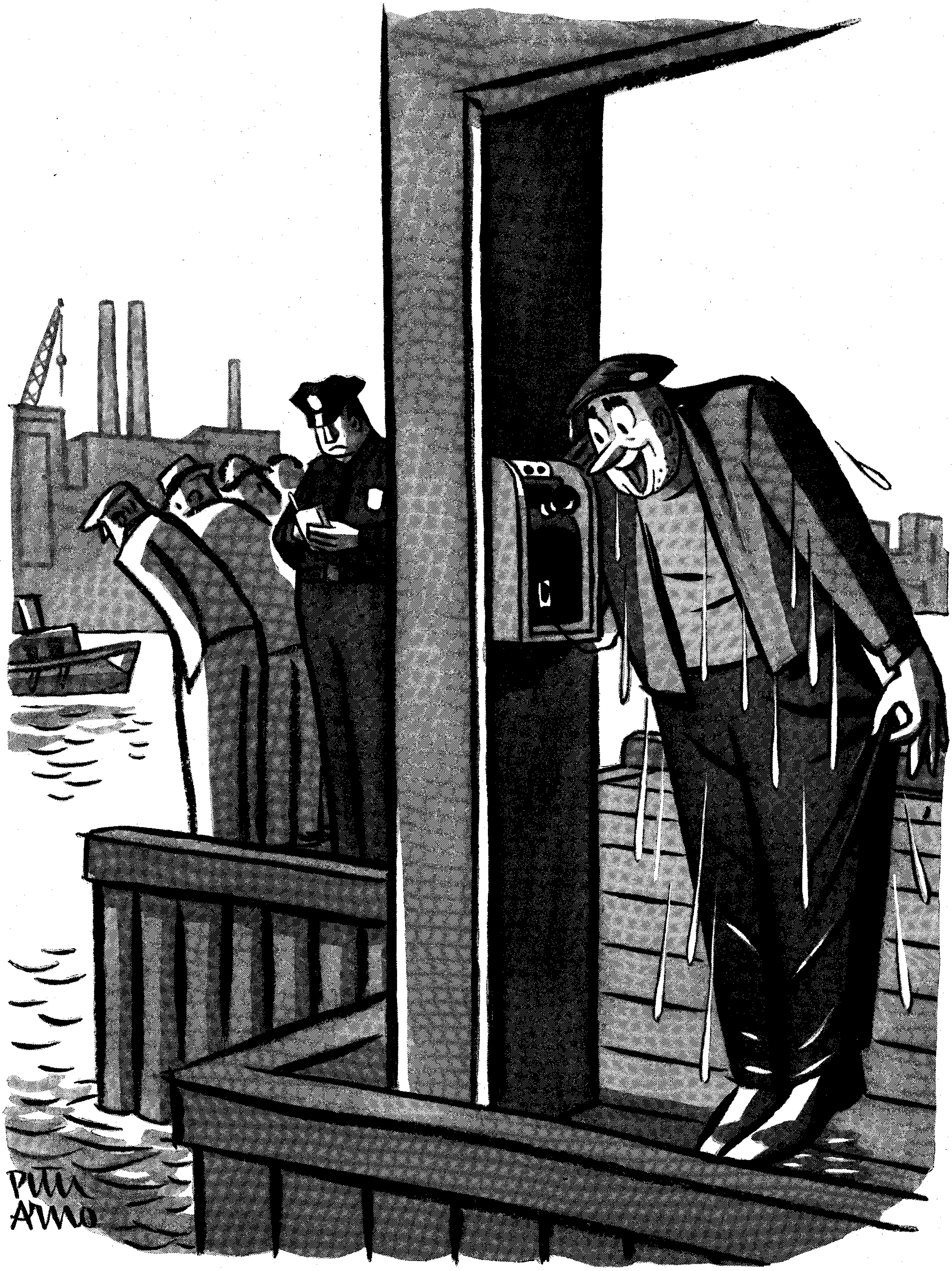
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Dorothy Thompson in the Boston Daily Globe*]

When Sewell Lee Avery hissed "New Dealer" at Atty. Gen. Biddle . . .

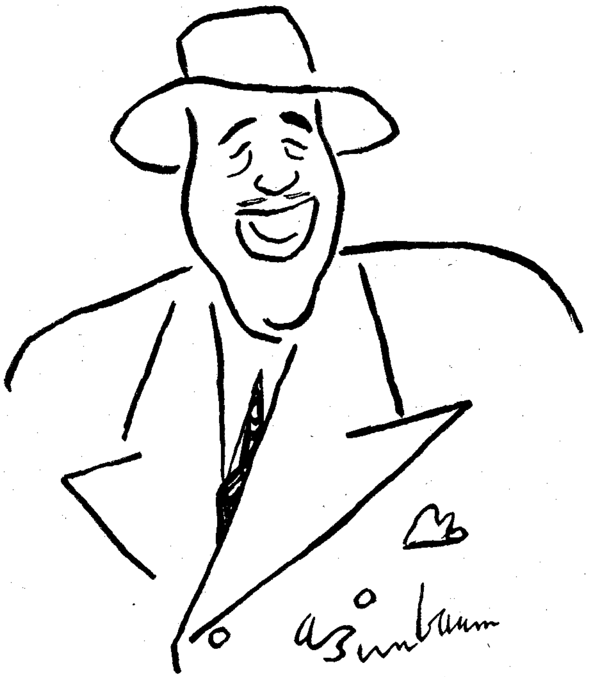


"Guess what happened to me and the truck, boss! . . . No. . . . No. . . . No, guess again."

PROFILES

THE HOT BACH—I

Duke Ellington, whose contours have something of the swell and sweep of a large, erect bear and whose color is that of coffee with a strong dash of cream, has been described by European music critics as one of the world's immortals. More explicitly, he is a composer of jazz music and the leader of a jazz band. For over twenty-three years, Duke, christened Edward Kennedy Ellington, has spent his days and nights on trains rattling across the continent with his band on an endless sequence of one-night stands at dances, and playing in movie theatres, where he does up to five shows a day; in the night clubs of Broadway and Harlem and in hotels around the country; in radio stations and Hollywood movie studios; in rehearsal halls and in recording studios, where his band has made some eleven hundred records, which have sold twenty million copies; and even, in recent years, in concert halls such as Carnegie and the Boston Symphony. His music has the virtue of pleasing both the jitterbugs, whose cadenced bouncing often makes an entire building shudder, and the intellectuals, who read into it profound comments on transcendental matters. In 1939, two consecutive engagements Ellington played were a dance in a tobacco warehouse in North Carolina, where his product was greeted with shouts of "Yeah man!," and a concert in Paris, where it was greeted as revealing "the very secret of the cosmos" and as being related to "the rhythm of the atom." On the second occasion, Jacques-Henri Lévesque, a Paris critic, professed to hear all this in the golden bray of trombones and trumpets and in the steady beat of drums, bass, and piano, and Blaise Cendrars, a surrealist poet, said, "Such music is not only a new art form but a new reason for living." A French reporter asked Tricky Sam Nanton, one of Ellington's trombonists, if his boss was a genius. "He's a genius, all right," Sam said, and then he happened to remember that Ellington once ate thirty-two sandwiches during an intermission at a dance in Old Orchard Beach, Maine. "He's a genius, all right," he said, "but Jesus, how he eats!"



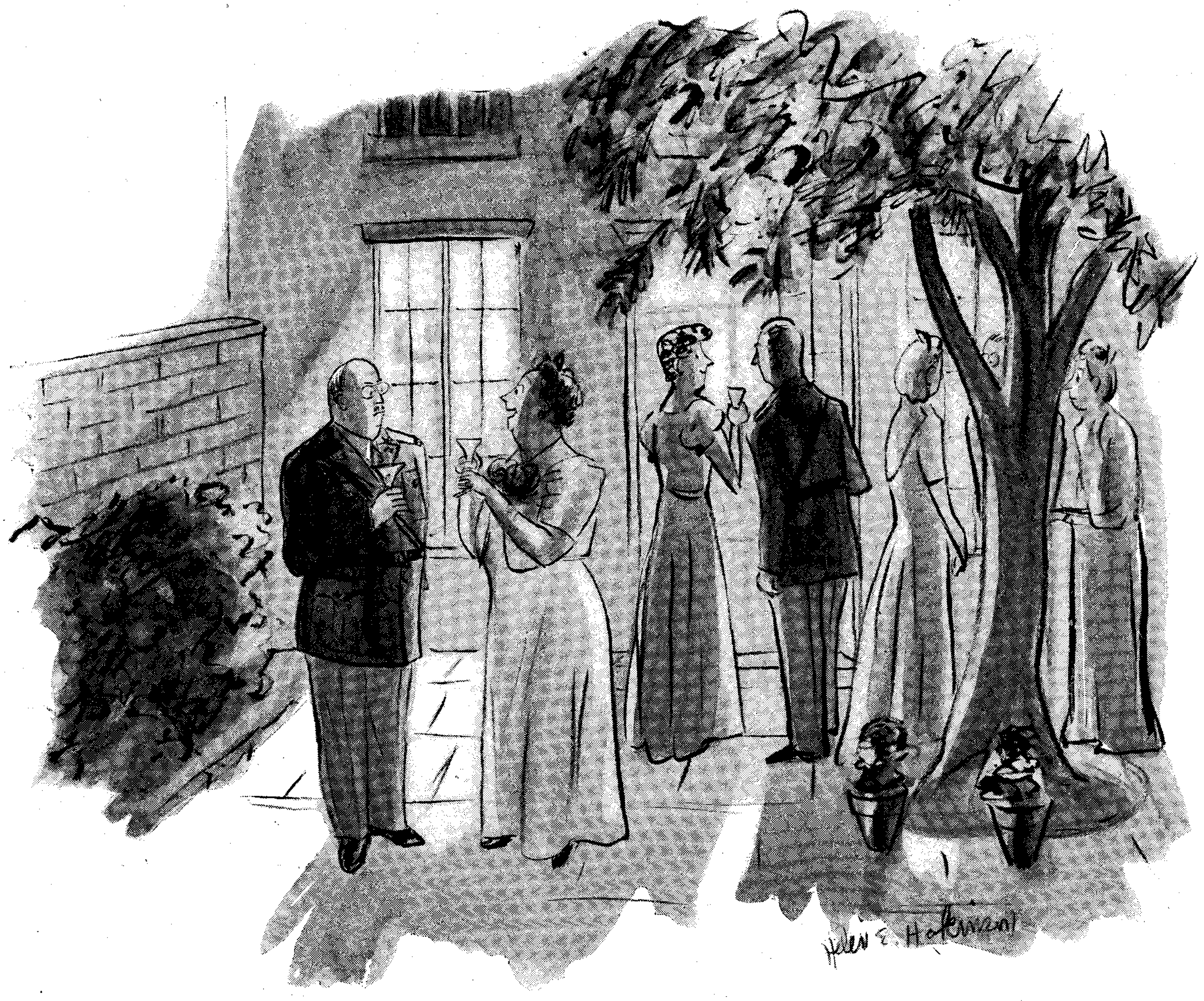
Duke Ellington

Ellington is a calm man of forty-five who laughs easily and hates to hurry. His movements are so deliberate that his steps are usually dogged by his road manager, Jack Boyd, a hard, brisk, red-faced little white man from Texas, whose right index finger was shortened by a planing machine twenty years ago. Boyd, who has been an Ellington employee for some years, yaps and yips at his heels in an effort, for example, to hurry him to a train which in fifteen minutes is leaving a station five miles away. Boyd also lives in fear that Ellington may fall asleep at the wrong time, and since it usually takes an hour of the most ingenious torture to put the slumbering band leader on his feet, the manager's apprehension is not unreasonable. In general, Boyd's life is not a happy one. It is his job to herd about the country a score of highly spirited, highly individual artists, whose colors range from light beige to a deep, blue black, whose tastes range from quiet study to explosive conviviality, and whose one common denominator is a complete disregard of train schedules. Often Duke finishes his breakfast in a taxi. Frequently, driven from the table in his hotel room by the jittery, henlike cluckings of Boyd, he wraps a half-finished chop in a florid handkerchief and tucks it in the pocket of his jacket, from which it protrudes, its nattiness not at all impaired by the fact that it conceals a greasy piece of meat. Not long ago this habit astonished an Icelandic music student who happened to be on a train that Duke had barely caught. The Icelander, after asking for Ellington's autograph, had said, "Mr. Ellington, aren't there marked similarities between you and Bach?" Duke moved his right hand to the handkerchief frothing out of his jacket. "Well, Bach and myself," he said, unwrapping the handkerchief and revealing the chop, "Bach and myself both"—he took a bite from the chop—"write with individual performers in mind."

It is in this jumpy atmosphere that Ellington composes, and some of his best pieces have been written against the glass partitions of offices in recording studios, on darkened overnight buses, with illumination supplied by a companion holding an interminable chain of matches, and in sweltering, clattering day coaches. Sometimes writing a song in no more than fifteen minutes and sometimes finishing concert pieces only a few hours before their performance, he has composed around twelve hundred pieces, many of them of such worth that Stokowski, Grainger, Stravinsky, and Milhaud have called him one of the greatest modern composers. There are many musicians who have even gone as far as to argue that he is the only great living American composer. His career almost spans the life of jazz and has figured prominently in the surge which has brought jazz from the bawdy houses of New Orleans to the Metropolitan Opera House and even to Buckingham Palace. King George, who has one of the world's largest collections of Ellington records, is often found bending over a revolving disc so that he can hear more clearly the characteristically dry, dull thud of the band's bass fiddle pulsing under an Ellington theme or the intricate sinuosity of a tenor saxophone as it curls in and out of the ensemble. To Ellington devotees in Europe, which he toured in 1933 and in 1939, identifying him as a mere writer and player of jazz (his instrument is the piano) is like identifying

Einstein as a nice old man. Some notion of their fervor is apparent in the words of a London critic reporting an Ellington concert at the Palladium. "His music has a truly Shakespearean universality," he wrote, "and as he sounded the gamut, girls wept and young chaps sank to their knees." The American counterparts of these European devotees prefer to emphasize the air of gaudy sin that surrounded the birth of jazz instead of likening it to the music of the spheres. They like to dwell on Madam White's Mahogany Hall in New Orleans, a resort which offered its patrons jazz music, and on Buddy Bolden's extravagant love life (Bolden was an early jazz cornettist), and they find pleasure in the belief that most jazz musicians smoke marijuana and die spectacularly in a madhouse. They try to ignore the ugly fact that several of Ellington's musicians learned how to play in Boy Scout bands. In endowing the late Bubber Miley, originator of the growl style on the trumpet and one of the early members of Ellington's band, with an almost legendary aura, although he has been dead less than ten years, they are grateful for the fact that he at least was a very heavy drinker. Anyone who is now forty-five has lived through the entire history of jazz, but this does not prevent the followers of the art from speaking, for example, of the trumpet player King Oliver, who died in 1938, as if he were a Pilgrim Father. In the jazz world, 1910 is the Stone Age and 1923 is medieval. The men in Ellington's band, which was playing when Benny Goodman was in short trousers and when the word "swing" was unknown, have aroused such admiration individually that there are many collectors who spend their time searching for old Ellington records not because they want to listen to the band as a whole but to savor the thirty seconds in which their particular hero takes a solo. As he plays, they mew and whimper in a painful ecstasy or, as they themselves put it, they are sent.

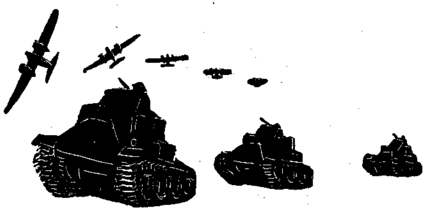
Ellington has, like most entertainers, a stage self and a real self. On the stage, at least when he supplies the "flesh"—the trade term for personal appearances in movie houses—he presents himself as a smiling, carefree African, tingling to his fingertips with a gay, syncopated throb that he can scarcely control. As the spotlight picks him out of the gloom, the audience sees a wide, irrepressible grin, but when the light moves away, Ellington's face instantly sags into immobility. He has given a lot of thought to achieving serenity and equipoise in a life that gives him neither repose nor privacy. He craves peace. He will not argue with anyone in his band, and his road manager, on whom most of the burdens fall, repeatedly sums up his problem in the phrase "Trouble with this band is it has no boss." The arguments which



"If you'd only told me when the invasion was going to begin, I could have won five dollars."

Duke refuses to have, and which, to Boyd's acute distress, he concedes beforehand, usually involve overtime pay or a request for an advance on next week's salary. When Boyd tries to persuade Duke to take a militant attitude, Ellington usually says, in a tone of wheezy complaint, "I won't let these goddam musicians upset me! Why should I knock myself out in an argument about fifteen dollars when in the same time I can probably write a fifteen-hundred-dollar song?" Besides, Ellington contends that an argument may mean the difference between a musician's giving a remarkable performance and just a performance. Furthermore, doctors will tell you that there is a definite relation between anger and ulcers. "Anyway," he will add, in a final desperate defense of his pacific nature, "why should I pit my puny strength against the great Power that runs the universe?" Ellington wears a gold cross beneath his flamboyant plaids and bold checks, reads the Bible every day, along with Winchell and the comics, and has been known to say, "I'd be afraid to sit in a house with people who don't believe. Afraid the house would fall down." He broods about man's final dissolution, and in an effort to stave his own off he has a complete physical examination every three months.

Part of Duke's character goes well enough with the onstage Ellington who periodically throws back his head and emits a long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h!" as if the spirit of hot had forced wordless exultation from his lips. He likes to eat to excess and to drink in moderation. He is also fond of what he calls "the chicks," and when they follow him to the station, as they often do, he stands on the back platform of his train and, as it pulls out, throws them big, gusty, smacking kisses. (He is married, but he has been separated from his wife for fifteen years.) He has a passion for color and clothes. He has forty-five suits and more than a thousand ties, the latter collected in forty-seven states of the Union and seven European countries, and his shoes, hats, shirts, and even his toilet water are all custom-made. His usual manner is one of ambassadorial urbanity, but it is occasionally punctuated by deep despair. In explaining his moods, he says, "A Negro can be too low to speak one minute and laughing fit to kill the next, and mean both." Few people know that he is a student of Negro history. He is a member of one of the first families of Virginia, for his ancestors arrived at Jamestown in 1619, a year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. He has written music commemorating Negro heroes such as Crispus Attucks, the first American killed in the American Revolution; Barzillai Lew, one of the men depicted in the painting called "The Spirit of '76;" and Harriet Tubman, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Frederick Douglass, and other Negro fighters for freedom. He has also written an unproduced opera, "Boola," which tells the story of the American Negro, and a long symphonic work entitled "Black, Brown, and Beige," which he says is "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro." His concern for his race is not entirely impersonal, since he and his band are constantly faced, even in the North, by



FANTASIA IN CHICAGO

Now roll out the wagons,
Strike up the bands.
Drape the bunting gaily round the loud reviewing stands.
Tell the shrill calliope to play for all it's worth,
For here comes the Greatest Show on Earth.

Cheer until you drop, folks,
Though the welkin cracks.
Under one big top, folks,
Watch a hundred acts.
Buy your bag of popcorn, *get* your chewing gum!
See the twirling candidates
Performing as they come.

Dewey on his tightwire
Balances at ease.
Bricker's swinging bravely from a Middle West trapeze.
For a Stassen somersault they're laying down the mat,
And Taft's pulling rabbits from his hat.

Note the sable horses,
Watch the Favorite Sons,
Trotting through their courses,
Bolting at the guns.
See the jugglers juggle and the trial balloons inflate,
While Clare the Congresswoman
Holds a sideshow at the gate.

Sweet sing the lobbyists—
There's honey in their throats.
Proud march the delegates, prepared to turn their coats.
Spangler leads the Elephant, Martin cracks the whips,
And Warren puts a trumpet to his lips.

Listen to the music,
Hearken to the drum.
Watch the smiling candidates,
Performing as they come.
Buy your sack of peanuts, *get* your lemonade,
And sit it out with Willkie
In the sedentary shade.

Hey foot, straw foot,
Blow the slogans down!
The Show is under canvas, there are marvels in the town
And if you miss the opening, why, sonny, don't you cry.
There'll be another Circus in July.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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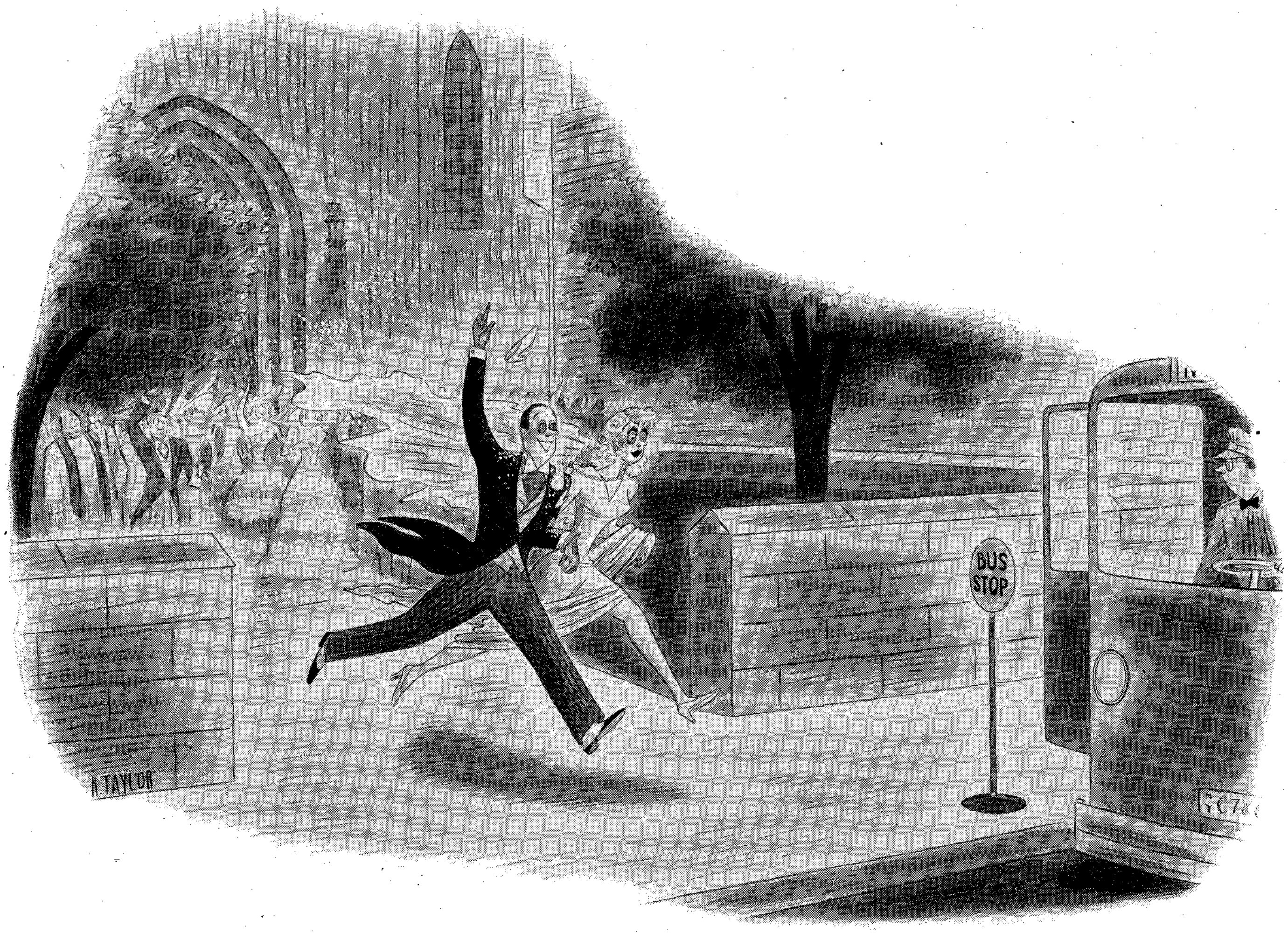

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the institution of Jim Crow. "You have to try not to think about it," Duke says, "or you'll knock yourself out."

Because Duke likes peace and repose, he tries to avoid the endless controversies that go on in the world of jazz. The followers of jazz cannot even agree on the fundamental point of what it is. To keep out of this dispute in particular, Duke frequently says, when people try to pin him down, "I don't write jazz. I write Negro folk music." There are those who insist that the only "righteous jazz," as they call it, is performed by bands of no more than six or seven men whose music is as spontaneous, unpremeditated, and unrehearsed as that of Shelley's skylark. Yet the very aficionados who insist that all real jazz is improvised and that all the solos must be impromptu often claim that Duke's artistry is the genuine, blown-in-the-bottle stuff, brushing aside his own statement that almost all the music his seventeen-piece band plays has been scored. Partly because of this bickering, Ellington always feels that he has found sanctuary when he boards a train. He says that then peace descends upon him and that the train's metallic rhythm soothes him. He likes to hear the whistle up ahead, particularly at night, when it screeches through the blackness as the train gathers speed. "Specially in the South," he says. "There the firemen play blues on the engine whistle—big, smeary things like a goddam woman singing in the night." He likes, too, to sit next to the window, his chin in his hand, and, in a trancelike state, to stare for hours at the telephone poles flashing by and at the pattern of the curving wires as they alternately drop and ascend. Even at night, particularly if his train is passing through certain sections of Ohio or Indiana, he will remain at the window (shifting to the smoker if the berths are made up), for he likes the flames of the steel furnaces. "I think of music sometimes in terms of color," he says, "and I like to see the flames licking yellow in the dark and then pulsing down to a kind of red glow." Duke has a theory that such sights stimulate composition. "The memory of things gone is important to a jazz musician," he says. "Things like the old folks singing in the moonlight in the back yard on a hot night, or something someone said long ago. I remember I once wrote a sixty-four-bar piece about a memory of when I was a little boy in bed and heard a man whistling on the street outside, his footsteps echoing away. Things like these may be more important to a musician than technique."

Perhaps Duke will still be awake at three in the morning, when his train stops for fifteen minutes at a junction. If there is an all-night lunchroom, he will get off the train, straddle a stool, his Burberry topcoat sagging like a surplice, a pearl-gray fedora on the back of his head, and direct the waitress in the creation of an Ellington dessert. The composition of an Ellington dessert depends upon the materials available. If, as is often the case, there is a stale mess of sliced oranges and grapefruit floating in juice at the bottom of a pan, he will accept it as a base. To this he will have the girl add some applesauce, a whole package of Fig Newtons, a dab of ice cream, and a cup of custard. When Duke is back on the train, Boyd, who has stayed up for the purpose, will beg him to go to bed, if they are on a sleeper, or to take a nap, if the band is travelling by day coach, as is often necessary in wartime. Ellington not infrequently takes out a pad of music-manuscript paper, fishes in his pockets for the stub of a lead pencil, and begins composing, and Boyd departs, complaining to the world that "Ellington is a hard man to get to bed and a harder man to get out of it." Frowning, his hat on the back of his head, swaying from side to side with the motion of the car, occasionally sucking his pencil and trying to write firmly despite the bouncing of the train, humming experimentally, America's latter-day Bach will work the night through.

IT was on a day coach, rolling through the Ohio and Pennsylvania night, that Ellington wrote most of "New World A-Coming," a symphonic work which had its première at Carnegie Hall last December. A Boswellian friend of Duke's who was travelling with him at the time took notes on the scene. Across the aisle from Duke as he worked, four men in the band were playing tonk, a form of gin rummy, at a dollar a hand. In front of him a harassed mother was trying to soothe a crying baby and behind him two little boys, in the great day-coach tradition, were eating oranges. Nearby, Lawrence Brown, an Ellington trombonist, a husky, dignified man who looks like a doctor and says he would like to be one, was reading the *Atlantic Monthly*, while Junior Raglin, a chunky youth who plays the bass fiddle, was scowling over a comic magazine. Sonny Greer, Ellington's jaunty, jouncy drummer, looked up from the card game and said to Duke, "What you doing, Dumpy?" Duke grunted, then said, "Oh, just fooling around on a new piece." The other card players looked over and in succession asked, "How's it going, Pops?," "Getting anywhere, Sandhead?," and "You sending 'em, Fatso?" The band members, who sometimes speak of Duke as The Duke, also address him as Phony, which is short for the Phony Duke, and Ze Grand, a contraction of Ze Grand Duke. Duke didn't reply to any of the questions; he just kept on working, swearing whenever the rocking of the train made him blur his notations. Not far away, a group of soldiers were swarming around Estrelita, whom publicity men know as the Sepia Gypsy Rose Lee or the South American Bombshell and whom the band calls Skookums. She is a part of a vaudeville act that occasionally tours with Ellington. Down the aisle a way, Albert Hibbler, a blind singer in the band, was balancing himself on the arm of a seat occupied by Betty Roche, Ellington's blues singer, whose customary white dress highlights the deep black of her skin, and at one end of the car Wallace Jones, Harold Baker, and Rex Stewart, trumpets, and Juan Tizol, trombone (a musician, of course, takes the name of his instrument), were discussing the occupational hazards of their trade.

"When we don't sleep," said Tizol, who is a Puerto Rican and the only white man in the band, "seems like our lips get even stronger. Get a lot of sleep and damn if they don't crumple."

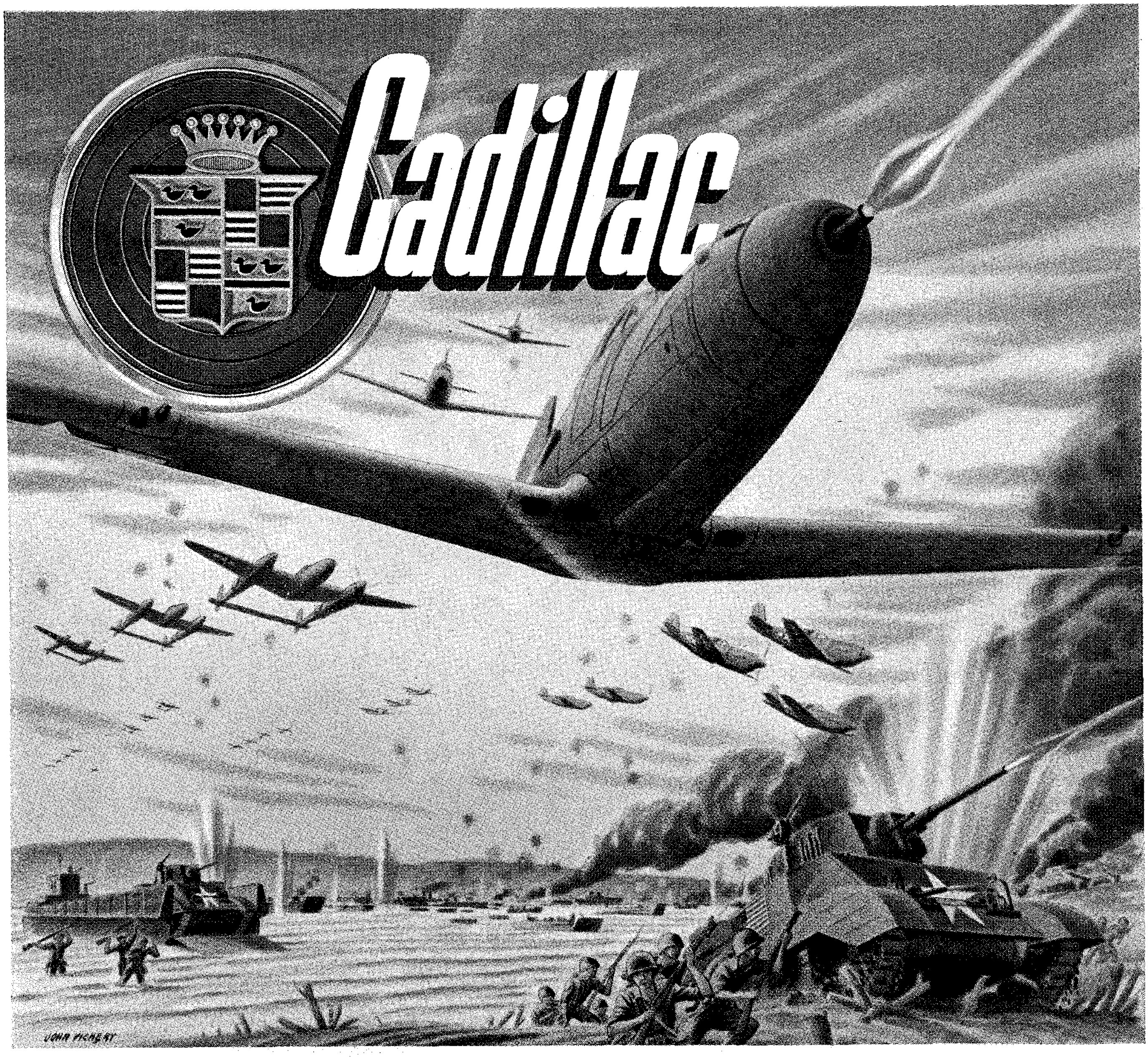
"I got a salve I like," Jones said. "Prevents muscles of the lip going dead. But the muscles of my lip just wouldn't vibrate last night, just wouldn't vibrate. That damn hall was too cold."

Baker began talking about the difficulty he had had in learning the trumpet. "I breathed all wrong," he said, "and it strained the whole side of my face. It used to hurt so. I blew from too low and I couldn't learn to keep my stomach tight. I used to blow with my jaw as hard as a wall and my teacher would walk up and bang the trumpet right out of my mouth. I pressed so hard against my teeth that they were sore all the time. To cure myself, I hang my trumpet on a string from the ceiling. Just walk up to it and blow it without touching it with my hands.

"Music is bad for the nerves," he went on. "My nerves are bad now. You gotta do so many things at once. You gotta think about how to fill your horn, about harmony. You gotta look pretty and keep the guy next to you satisfied. You sneak each other that ole go-to-hell look, then flash the public that ole full-of-joy look. I dunno. It's just rush and then rush some more. Never no sleep. Feel like I want to quit sometime." No one spoke for a moment and there was no sound except the rattling of the train. Then Baker said musingly, "Always wanted to play like Joe Smith, but seemed like my notes would crack on me. Joe's notes were so clear and clean." Rex Stewart, a ball of a man with a mustache and a slow, pleasant smile, said comfortingly, "Well, Harold, I'm always missing something, too. Never get exactly the right thing out. Never sounds exactly like I imagine before I play."

The train rounded a long curve and Duke stopped writing. He began again and then evidently decided he wanted to try the music out on someone. "Sweepea? Sweepea!" he called. Sweepea is Wil-

DREAMS OF GLORY



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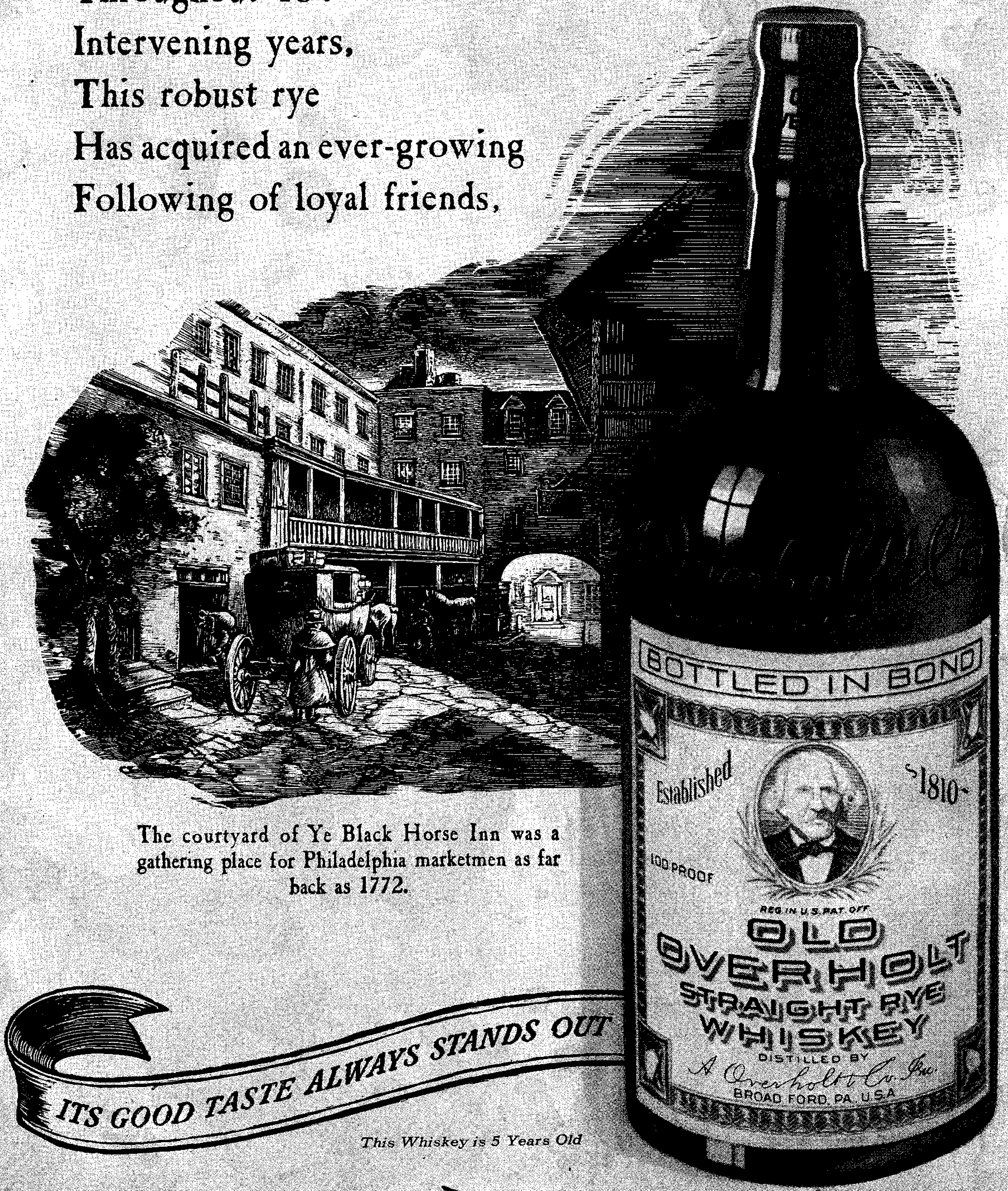
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ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

The courtyard of Ye Black Horse Inn was a gathering place for Philadelphia marketmen as far back as 1772.

This Whiskey is 5 Years Old

National Distillers Products Corporation. New York liam Strayhorn, the staff arranger and a talented composer in his own right. Strayhorn, who, incidentally, does not play in the band, is a small, scholarly, tweedy young man with gold-rimmed spectacles. He got his nickname from a character in a comic strip. Strayhorn, who had been trying to sleep, staggered uncertainly down the aisle in answer to his boss's summons.

"I got a wonderful part here," Duke said to him. "Listen to this." In a functional, squeaky voice that tried for exposition and not for beauty, Duke chanted, "Dah dee dah dah dah, deedle dee deedle dee boom, bah bah bah, boom, boom!" He laughed, frankly pleased by what he had produced, and said, "Boy, that son of a bitch has got a million twists."

Strayhorn, still swaying sleepily in the aisle, pulled himself together in an attempt to offer an intelligent observation. Finally he said drowsily, "It's so simple, that's why."

Duke laughed again and said, "I really sent myself on that. Would you like to see the first eight bars?"

"Ah yes! Ah yes!" Strayhorn said resignedly, and took the manuscript. He looked at it blankly. Duke misinterpreted Sweepea's expression as one of severity.

"Don't look at it that way, Sweepea," he said. "It's not like that."

"Why don't you reverse this figure?" asked Strayhorn sleepily. "Like this." He sang shakily, "Dah dee dah dah dah, dah dee dah dah dah, boomty boomty boomty, boom!"

"Why not dah dee dah dah dah, deedle dee deedle dee dee, boom bah bah bah, boom?" Duke said.

"Dah dee dah dah dah!" sang Strayhorn stubbornly.

"Deedle dee deedle dee dee!" Duke answered.

"Dah dee dah dah dah!" Strayhorn insisted.

Duke did not reply; he just leaned eagerly forward and, pointing to a spot on the manuscript with his pencil, said, "Here's where the long piano part comes in. Here's where I pick up the first theme and restate it and then begin the major theme. Dah dee dah, deedle dee deedle dee, boom!"

The train lurched suddenly. Sweepea collapsed into a seat and closed his eyes. "Ah yes!" he said weakly. "Ah yes!"

Duke retrieved his manuscript from him and went back to work. The blackness outside was changing to gray, and presently the music slipped from his hand and his head dropped forward as if his neck was broken. Some time later Boyd bustled through the coach, shouting to the band that the train would be in New York in half an hour. He was brought to a halt by the sight of Ellington's sleeping form. He began to shake Duke. "Damn if I don't let him stay here!" Boyd said to Duke's friend after a moment. "Damn if I don't do what I did in Tacoma! Let him stay there that time until the train was switched to a siding five miles away. He had to walk back. Damn if you wouldn't think that'd cure him!" He loosened his clutch on Duke's collar and the big man sagged forward. Boyd glared at him. "Once in San Francisco," he said, "Ellington slept that way and when he got off the train he was so sleepy he got in a line of men that were being herded into a van. They were prisoners for San Quentin. When Ellington tried to get out, the guard wouldn't let him. Damn if I should of rescued him! Should of let him go to prison. It would of taught him."

Boyd tries to arrange things so that the band will arrive at its destination at about six or seven in the evening, making it possible for Duke to sleep an hour or two before the night's engagement. If the town is in the North, Ellington can occasionally get into a hotel, since his name is well and favorably known, but the other members of the band have to scurry around the Negro section of the town, if there is one, and make their own arrangements for lodgings. Usually they can get rooms in the households of amiable colored citizens, and if they can't do that they often pass the time in some public place like a railway station or a city hall. Most dances begin at nine and run until two in the morning. On dance nights, Boyd has an assignment that almost tears him in two. He is supposed to "stand on the door" and check the number of admissions to the dance, but he is also supposed to have Duke awake and at the dance hall. At about eight-thirty, after a half hour's futile effort to rouse his boss, he is in a frenzy. Then, with the strength of desperation—Boyd is a small man and Duke is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds—he props the unconscious band leader in a sitting position on the edge of his bed and, grabbing his arms, pulls him out of bed and onto his feet and walks him across the floor. This usually restores a degree of consciousness, which slowly spreads through the rest of Ellington's system.

LISTEN: JUNE 24, 1944

This is a proud plug about a new red book with a blue jacket—proud because CBS is its uncle. Useful and fascinating book especially with Invasion underway.

It is called *World Words.* It's a timely guide to the correct pronunciation of words and names in the news. In its 400 pages there are over 12,000 of them—from Aabenraa (pronounced o-buhn-ro) to Zywiec (zhi-vyets to you). Blupblup is bloop-bloop, and Chiang Kai Shek is either chyahng kai-shek or jyahng jyeh-shuh. *The book even pronounces Caen correctly!*

Each word is re-spelled in two ways: simplified Websterian, and phonetically. The words derive from 27 languages, from Albanian and Arabic to Thai and Turkish. The genius who smoked them out is Professor W. Cabell Greet of Barnard College, Columbia University—speech consultant to CBS. He started in 1937 writing little memoranda on pronunciation for CBS announcers; they grew into "War Words", a volume published 2 years ago which had a startling success; this expanded vastly into the new *World Words,* which the Washington Star's editorial page calls "...a practical guide in this era of strife." It's more than that—it's the only work of its kind and scope in the English language.

The Columbia University Press published it, and if you hurry to a bookstore you can buy a copy for 3 bucks before we capture Hrubieszow or kaN-pehr. The price, which figures to about 3/100 of 1c per word, seems mighty reasonable, the way most things are going up. Any announcer who pronounces strange names and places correctly probably has a copy of *World Words* chained to his body; any announcer who mangles the names pretty certainly hasn't, but should.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is CBS

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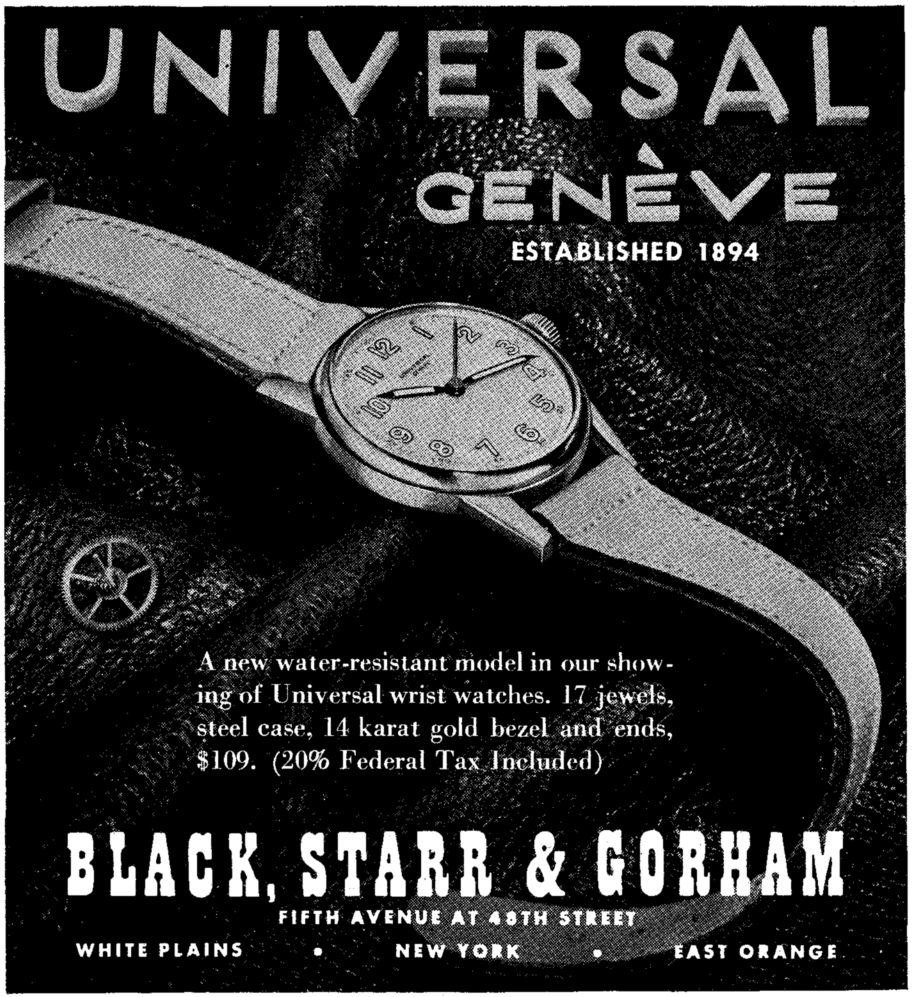
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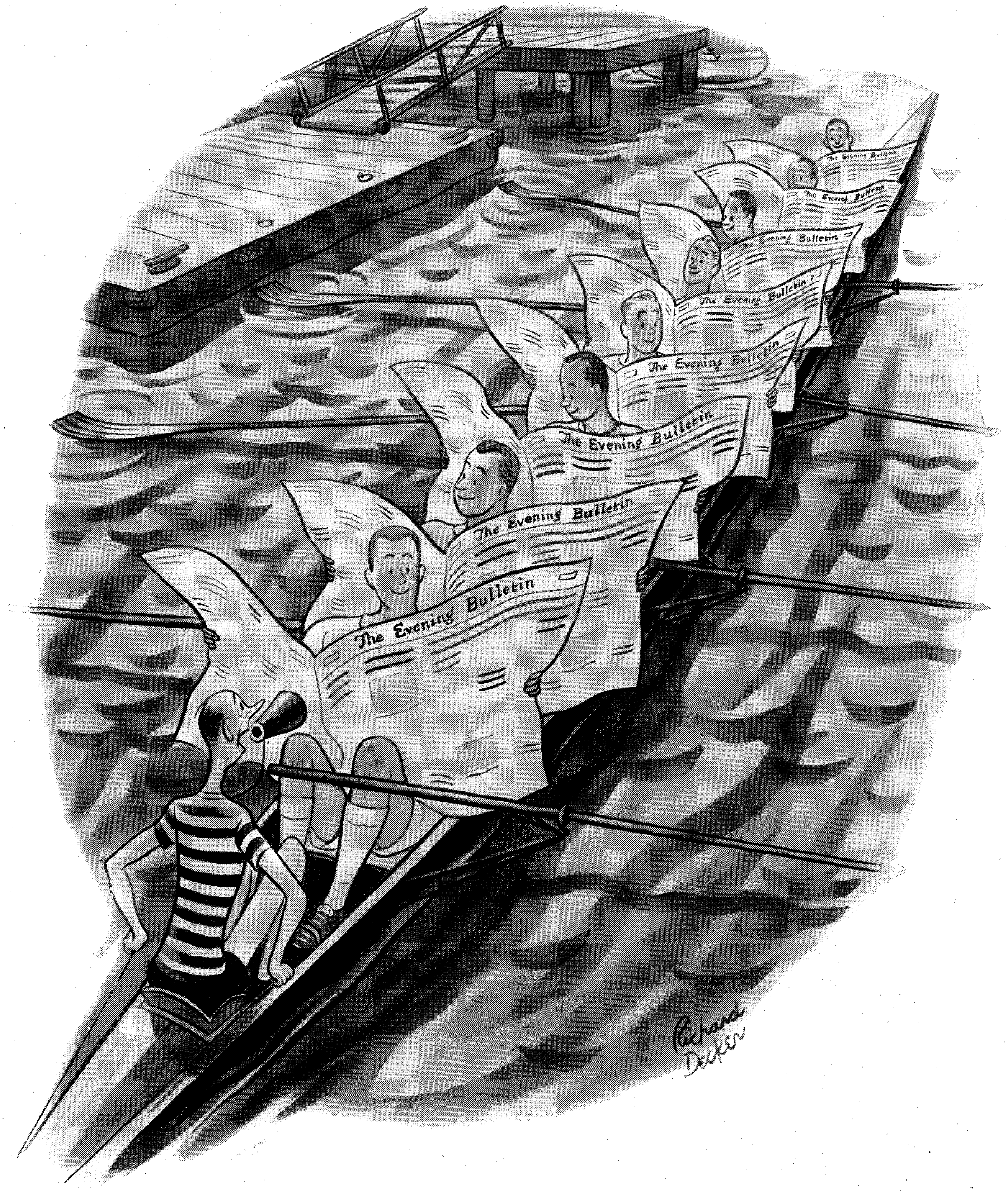
At this point, Boyd tears off to the dance hall, leaving some hanger-on behind to see that Ellington does not go to sleep again.

Duke thereupon pads sleepily about the room, groping for his red bathrobe and red slippers. His bare shanks show from beneath what appears to be a short, old-fashioned nightshirt, but if anyone calls it a nightshirt Duke is insulted. He says sulkily, "It's an Oriental sleeping coat. Not a nightshirt. Have 'em specially made for me." When he gathers himself together, he reaches for a phone and orders what for him is breakfast—fruit, cornflakes, and black tea with cream. While he is on the phone, he may pick up a pencil and scribble a few bars of music on the pad before him. After humming a bit of what he has just written down, he may say, "Always like to use the voice instead of the piano when writing. Piano holds you too much to what falls naturally under the fingers." With an almost imperceptible increase in tempo, he will eat his breakfast, and then, at a faster pace, he will shave and take a shower. He usually trots out of the bathroom, flings himself on his bed, and douses himself with talcum powder. He also sprays himself with toilet water. Then he may say, "Tell you about me and toilet water. It must have two properties. It must have a nice, clean fragrance, and it must be pleasant to the taste. Have mine blended for me. Call it Warm Valley. After one of my pieces." When he has dressed, he grabs a hat, flings it away, takes another one, and says, "Tell you what goes with me and hats. I pay twenty-five or thirty dollars for a specially tailored hat and then throw it away and buy one of these dollar-ninety-five corduroy porkies. I love these little porkies."

Duke usually arrives at a dance a trifle late, a common practice among band leaders and one they justify by arguing that they can make a more dramatic entrance after the band has been playing awhile. Most of the dances Ellington plays for are held in auditoriums, dance halls, or armories that accommodate anything from two to ten thousand people. When Duke arrives, someone tells the men in the band, and after a minute or two they call a halt and explode into the band's dressing room. They are very intense. As Sonny Greer explains, "To give anything, you gotta give everything." Their intensity is expressed by a weird cacophony in which some of the musicians shriek like steam whistles, some of them imitate the


The Evening Bulletin
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Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Call it poetic license, if you will. In all events, we needed a group of Philadelphians (crew or otherwise) to point up a point—namely, that nearly 4 out of 5 are daily readers of The Bulletin. They read the newspaper that goes home in the city of homes, and that, too, is a point. (Circulation in excess of 600,000.)

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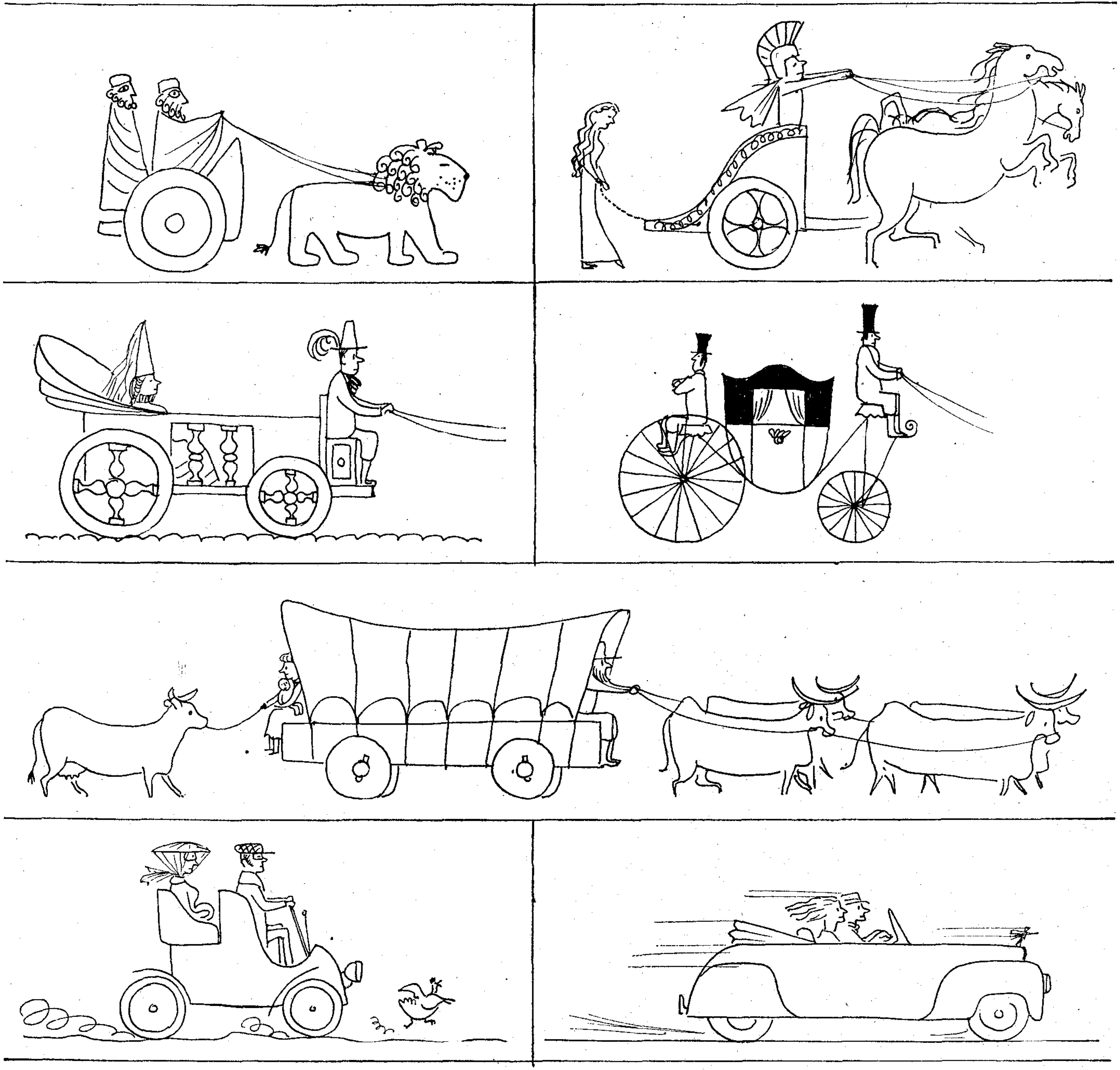
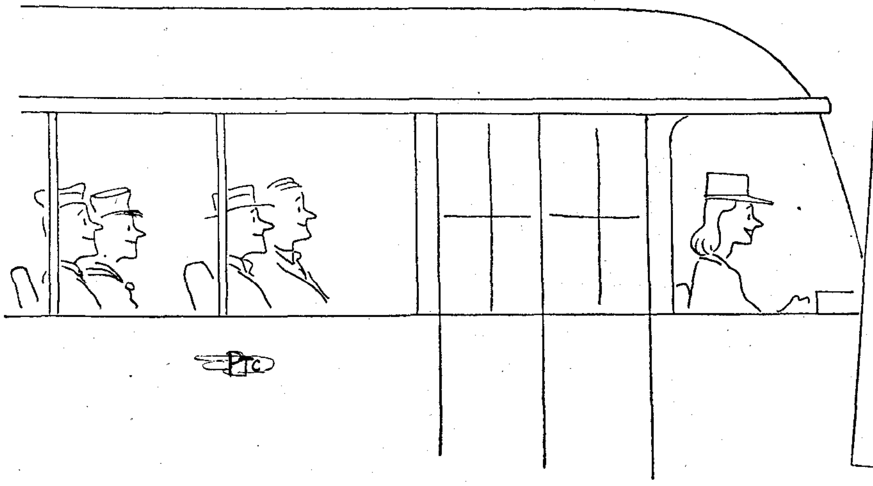
pantings of locomotives, some sing like saxophones or trombones, and some make sounds so complicated and unearthly that it seems impossible that they come from a human throat. There is a good deal of horsing around and pushing, and occasionally a bottle is passed. While all this is going on, Albert Hibbler may still be dressing and complaining, "I can't see my uniform." Somebody may say with rough affection, "Shut up, you squarehead. You don't need no uniform," and hunt it up for him. If someone tells Duke that there is a big crowd on the floor, he starts to yell, "Hurry up! Hurry up! I want to make my entrance!" No one pays much attention to him. Lawrence Brown, who is one of the best trombones in the profession, usually stands apart from the rumpus, as if he disapproved. "I don't care anything about the band business," he says. "I sometimes think I may still study medicine." Brown, who is thirty-six, a college graduate, and the son of a minister, used to play trombone for Aimee Semple McPherson in the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, a fact which disturbs some of his admirers, who, with the reverse morality of jazz fanciers, would prefer that he had begun his career in a sporting house. While his mates riot in the dressing room, Brown may say with quiet pride, "I do not curse, drink, or smoke." Not long ago he said that if he couldn't become a doctor, he would be a dentist or an undertaker.

In general, or so its members like to think, the more exhausted the Ellington band is, the better it plays. Ordinarily, the tempo at the beginning of a dance is rather slow; both players and dancers have to warm up to their interdependent climax. By midnight both are in their stride. Then the trumpets screech upward in waves, sometimes providing a background for a solo, soft and sensuous, by tough little Johnny Hodges, alto saxophonist, who advances toward the front of the stage threateningly and who holds his instrument as if it were a machine gun with which he was about to spray the crowd. Johnny is fond of addressing his fans as "Bub" or "Bubber" when they come up to talk to him at a dance. Junior Raglin's bass fiddle beats dully, like a giant pulse. Junior's eyes are closed and his face is screwed up as if he were in pain. Duke's face is dominated by an absorbed, sensual scowl as he plays his piano. Sonny Greer, a cigarette wagging before an impassive face, jounces up and down on his stool so hard that he seems to be on a galloping horse, and Rex Stewart, as the night advances, becomes progressively more cocky and springy as he takes his solos. Sometimes the excitement among the dancers reaches a pitch that threatens literally to bring down the house. Two years ago, a dance in a hall in Arkansas was stopped when the floor began to collapse under the feet of the jitterbugs, and five years ago, in Bluefield, West Virginia, so many people crowded about Duke on the stage that it caved in, fortunately without casualties. Almost always a group of serious thinkers who attend these affairs just for the music and not for the dancing gather before the bandstand in front of Duke and make profound comments. "The guy is really deep here," one will say, over the howling of the jitterbugs. Another will murmur, "Terrific mood, terrific content, terrific musicianship." Prim little colored girls sitting along the wall with their mammas—many of Duke's dances in the North are attended by both Negroes and white people—will get up and really throw it around when they are asked to dance, and then will return demurely to their mammas. The serious thinkers disapprove of the jitterbug and his activities, but Duke says, "If they'd been told it was a Balkan folk dance, they'd think it was wonderful." Every now and then there is a wail from Tricky Sam Nanton's trombone, a sad wa-wa melody which sometimes sounds like an infant crying, sometimes like the bubbly, inane laugh of an idiot, and sometimes like someone calling for help. Sam says, "It's a sad tale with a little mirth. When I play it, I think of a man in a dungeon calling out a cell window." Usually a dance ends peacefully, but more than once, in the Southwest, cowboys have brought the festivities to an abrupt ending by firing their guns at the ceiling. On such occasions, the band gets off the stage in a hurry, which is probably a good idea. Once in a while, in the South, a gentleman draws a gun and insists that the band play only his favorite tunes. Unpleasantness, however, is not confined to regions below the Mason-Dixon line. During prohibition, a group of gangsters tried to shake Duke down when he was in Chicago. They presented their demand to Sam Fleischnick, who was then Duke's road manager. Fleischnick refused. "All our boys carry guns," he told the gang-

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

You probably need no reminder that women are going great guns these days — and so is this magazine. It may have taken 'em 4000 years to reach the driver's seat — but it has taken them less than 14 days to strip newsstands of each recent issue.

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84 PROOF

Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★ Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best. Though no shipments of ★★★ Hennessy Cognac have been made from France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy Cognac for you.

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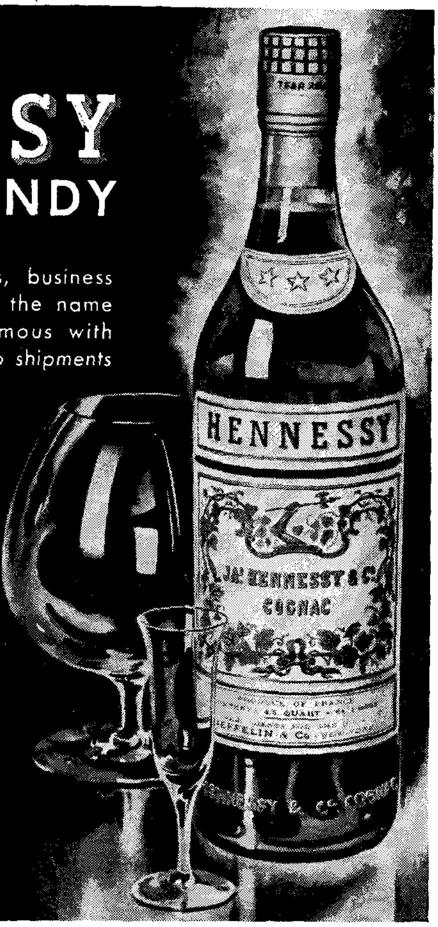
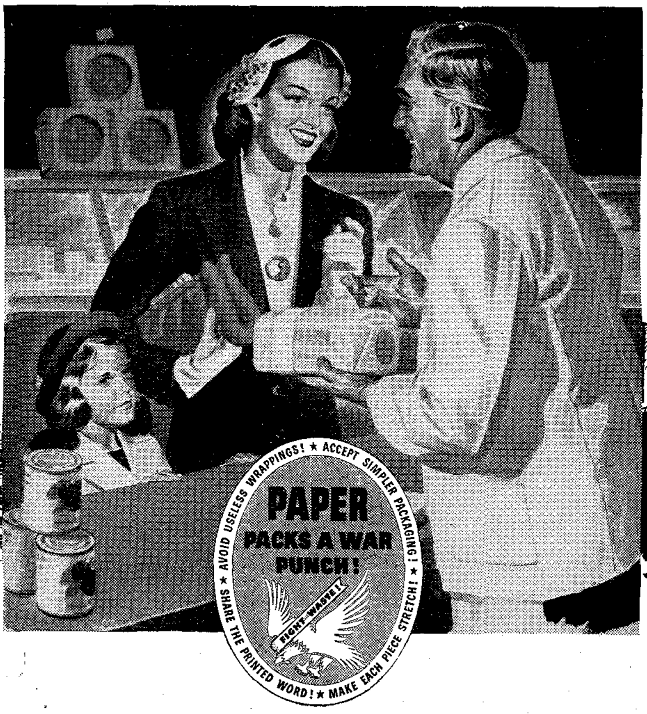


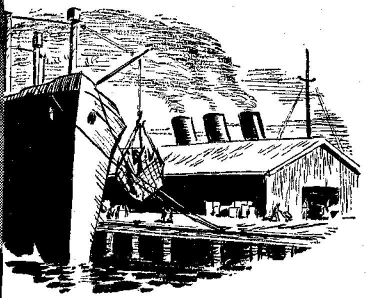
Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

sters. "If you want to shoot it out, we'll shoot it out." Ellington considered getting out of town when he heard of Fleischnick's declaration of war against the gang, but he finally solved the problem in more sensible fashion. He telephoned the influential owner of a New York night club where Duke and his band once had played and the owner arranged for Ellington to have the freedom of Chicago without cost.

WHEN a dance is over, Boyd and his Negro assistant, Richard Jones, or Jonesy, who doubles as Duke's valet, begin packing the instruments, uniforms, scores, stands, and the like so that they can be transported to the next town the band is playing. "If the band gets four hours' sleep," Boyd often says, "me and Jonesy don't get any. When the band walks out, they're through, but me and Jonesy have to get the baggage on the train and often we don't get to bed at all." After work, Ellington and Strayhorn are likely to go to some Negro all-night spot, if they are in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, or some other big town which affords such a luxury. Duke, who is always worrying about keeping his weight down, may announce that he intends to have nothing but Shredded Wheat and black tea. When his order arrives, he looks at it glumly, then bows his head and says grace. After he has finished his snack, his expression of virtuous determination slowly dissolves into wistfulness as he watches Strayhorn eat a steak. Duke's resolution about not overeating frequently collapses at this point. When it does, he orders a steak, and after finishing it he engages in another moral struggle for about five minutes. Then he really begins to eat. He has another steak, smothered in onions, a double portion of fried potatoes, a salad, a bowl of sliced tomatoes, a giant lobster and melted butter, coffee, and an Ellington dessert—perhaps a combination of pie, cake, ice cream, custard, pastry, jello, fruit, and cheese. His appetite really whetted, he may order ham and eggs, a half-dozen pancakes, waffles and syrup, and some hot biscuits. Then, determined to get back on his diet, he will finish, as he began, with Shredded Wheat and black tea. Long before this, he is usually surrounded by an admiring crowd, which watches him with friendly awe. He chats with the chicks in the group and may turn from his steak or lobster to say pleasantly to

LESSON IN LOGISTICS


AVOID USELESS WRAPPINGS! ★ ACCEPT SIMPLER PACKAGING! ★ MAKE EACH PIECE STRETCH! ★ SHARE THE PRINTED WORD! ★
PAPER
PACKS A WAR
PUNCH!
FIGHT WASTE!



Mrs. Brown learns why she must use less paper!

Mrs. Brown couldn't understand why Grocer White didn't wrap her loaf of bread in the usual paper bag.

Grocer White gave her the reason: because our Army needs paper for its great invasion drive.

He explained that nearly every one of 700,000 different kinds of items shipped overseas must be paper-wrapped for protection.

He told her that a Signal Corps radio, for instance, takes 10 pounds of paper to manufacture.

He told her that each propelling charge for a 155-millimeter shell takes three-fifths of a pound of paper.

He told her each 500-pound bomb takes 12 pounds of paper.

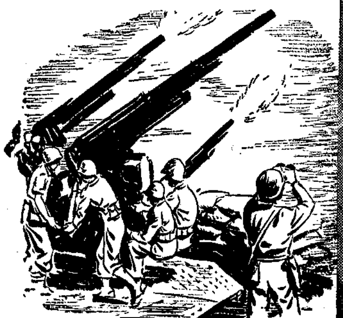
He told her the Army considers paper one of the top essentials of victory.

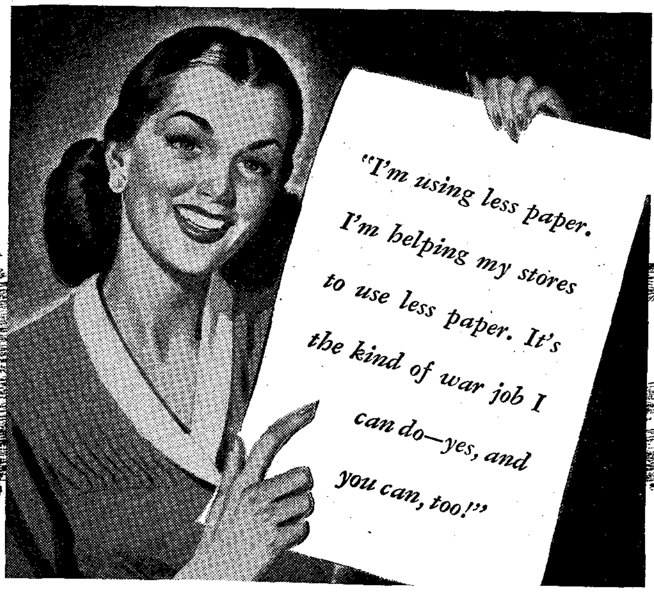
Mrs. Brown thanked Grocer White and vowed to help him and all his fellow merchants in their drive to use less paper.

Mrs. Brown even carries a market basket or a shopping bag now to help save precious paper bags.

Mrs. Brown has enlisted her whole family in a family paper-conservation drive. Yes, there's not a single piece of paper wasted at the Brown's house.

Magazines, like this, are passed along when read so that the greatest possible number of folks can share the printed word. A mighty important aid to us magazine people who, in spite of using only 5% of the entire paper output, are managing to save more than 450 million pounds of paper by our own conservation methods.




"I'm using less paper.
I'm helping my stores
to use less paper. It's
the kind of war job I
can do—yes, and
you can, too!"

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CLUB DRY SHERRY*
Pale, nutty and medium dry
COCKTAIL SHERRY*
Fine Amontillado, pale and dry
DIAMOND BACK SHERRY
Splendid, full rich dinner sherry
LA GOLONDRINA*
Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry
CHOICEST OLOROSO
Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character

*We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.

PORT

BLACK LABEL TAWNY PORT
Delicate and flavory
GREEN LABEL TAWNY PORT
Fine, medium bodied wine—dry finish
RED LABEL PORT
Mellow and full bodied
GOLD LABEL TAWNY PORT
A great wine, soft and very full-flavored
CHOICEST TAWNY PORT
"Bellows Select," perfection in tawny port wine

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IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
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one of them, "You make that dress look so beautiful." He is not a bit embarrassed by the fact that he said the same thing the night before to another chick in another town. Sometimes he will pause before eating a dessert awash in rich yellow cream and say to a girl, "I never knew an angel could be so luscious." At the end of his supper, he may lean back, satisfied at last, and sing out to Strayhorn, "Dah dah dee dee dee, tah tahdle tah boom, deedle dee, deedle dee, boom!"

"Why not deedle dee deedle dee dee, deedle dee deedle dee dee, dumtah dumtah dumtah, boom?" Billy asked recently on such an occasion.

"I don't think that's right for a trio," Duke said. "This is a trio."

"I don't think your strain is melodic enough," Billy said.

"I think it's a nice strain. Then it goes backward." Duke said, and sang, "Boom, dee deedle, dee deedle, boom tah tahdle tah, dee dee dee dah dah!"

"I still think it has too many notes for a trio," Billy said. "I'm looking for something small that goes up a half tone."

Sometimes Duke and Strayhorn have adjoining rooms at a hotel. It will be bright daylight when they climb into their beds, Duke first having said his prayers. Ellington may stare up at the ceiling a moment before he falls asleep and then call to Billy, in the next room, "Sweepea! How about dah dee dah dah, dah dee dah dah dah as an opening fanfare?"

"Why not deedle dee deedle dee deedle dee, deedle dee dee?" sings Sweepea sleepily. Then there is silence.

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the first of three articles on Mr. Ellington.)

•

Mr. A.B. Clayton, the local mining engineer, representing the Bureau of Mines, who makes his home in Lincolnton, has initials similar to Lt. A.B. Claytor, news editor of the Lincoln County News, who is now located at Camp Robinson, Ark., in the armed service.—*Lincolnton (N.C.) Lincoln County News.*

It's the oddest coincidence we've ever seen, and we've seen plenty.

•

THIS IS WAR

[*From the Sun*]

Consuls-general of the United Nations, with the assistance of a handful of vice-consuls, met yesterday at the Roxy Theater for the express purpose of selecting representative pinup girls from their various countries.

☆☆ WANTED – *by the boys in our Armed Forces...* ☆☆

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You can't send him anything he'll like better than a bunch of vivid, lifelike Kodacolor snapshots. With the new Kodacolor Film, anyone—in good sunlight—can take these beautiful color snapshots with an ordinary Kodak or Brownie. From the negatives, the Kodak Company makes Kodacolor Prints—full-color snapshots on paper. Kodacolor Film, like all film, is scarce; but there's a little to be had. Use it for his snapshots. Ask your Kodak dealer for details.

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THE MARCH OF COLOR

IN 1928 Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color.

IN 1935 Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film—thereby making color movies available to every American home.

IN 1936 Kodachrome "still pictures," shot with a 35-mm. or Kodak Bantam camera, became the joy of tens of thousands.

IN 1938 Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as magazine and newspaper illustrations.

IN 1941 Kodak introduced Minicolor Prints from miniature Kodachrome Film transparencies—the first direct full-color photographic prints.

IN 1942 Kodacolor Film fulfilled the dream of generations—color snapshots, full-color prints made from color negatives in an ordinary roll-film camera.

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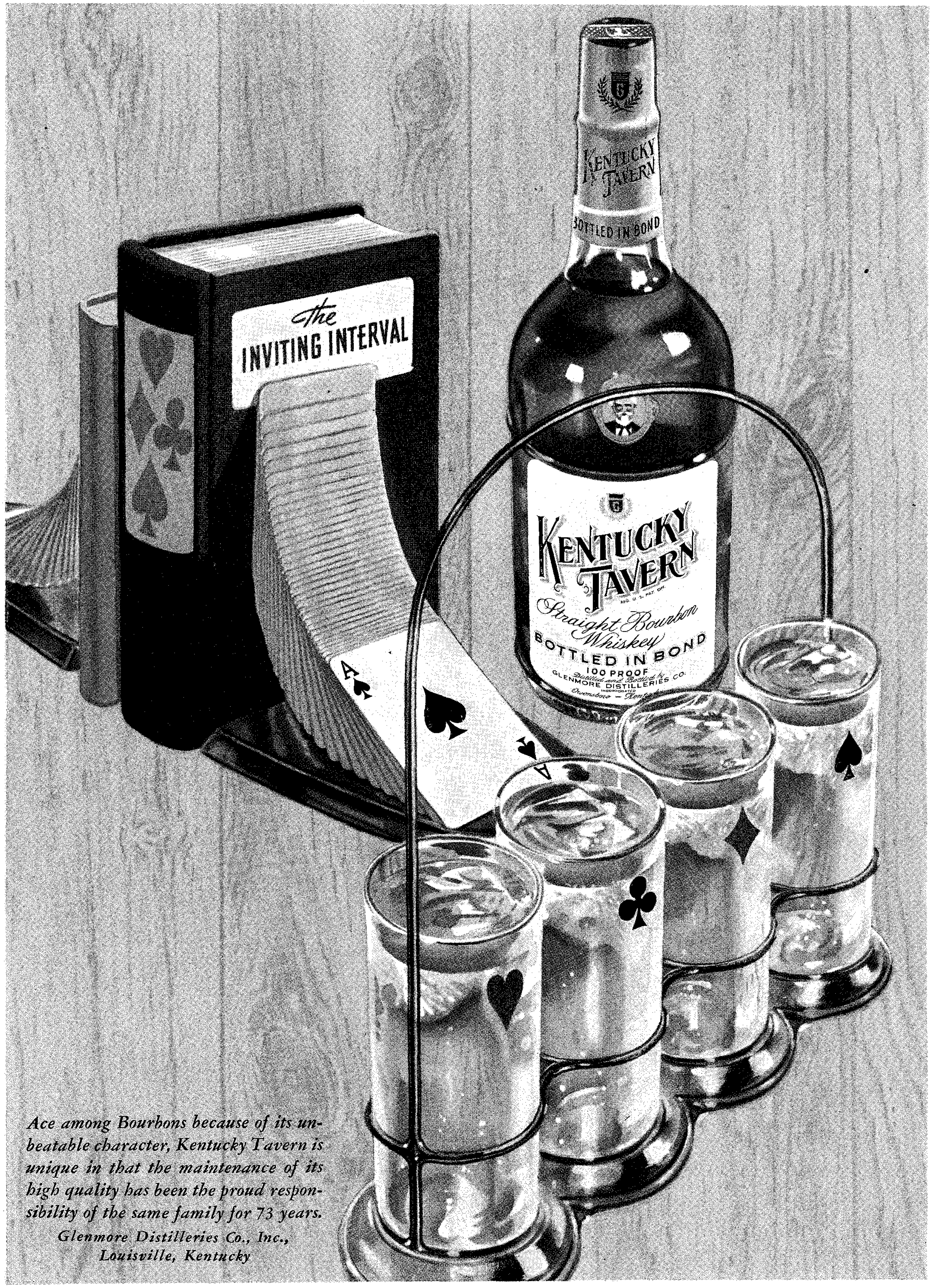
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

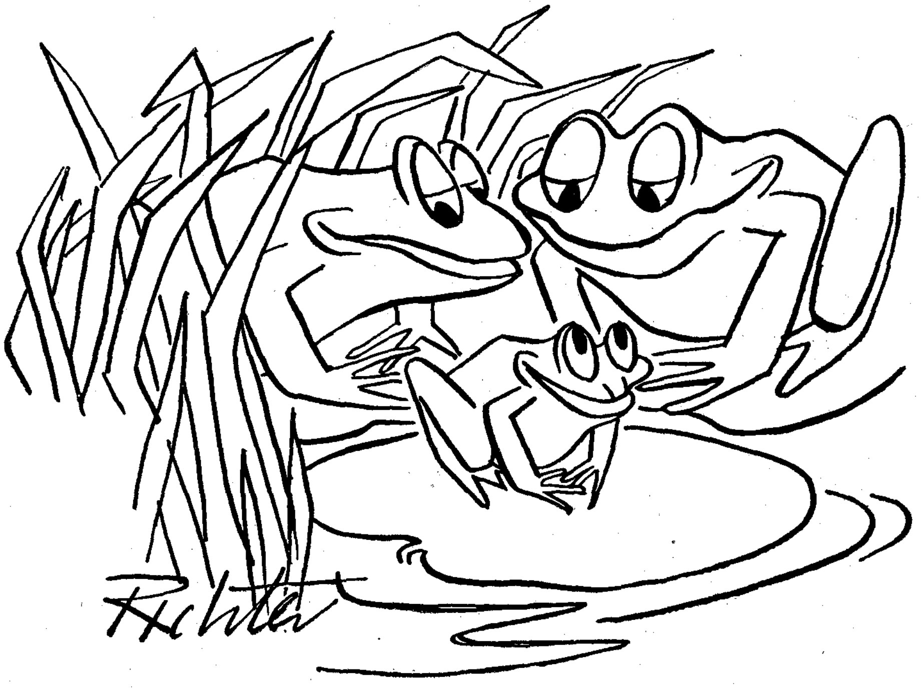
THE THEATRE

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

IN "For Keeps," at Henry Miller's Theatre, F. Hugh Herbert has set out to demonstrate a number of propositions, about half of which I am prepared to swallow, or at least chew. It may well be true, for instance, that a child of parents who mate and separate as gaily as the birds is apt to lead an insecure and perplexing life, that a girl of fifteen is a curiously divided personality (Mr. Herbert's little heroine may be an extreme case, since she has an almost equal enthusiasm for Hershey Bars, dry Martinis, Dick Tracy, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," ice skating, and partial seduction, but we live in sophisticated times), and even that warring couples are often reunited by the pull of baby hands. If these aren't very profound or unusual thoughts, they are at least respectable theatrical clichés. I am obliged to doubt Mr. Herbert, however, when he tries to tell me that an elderly commercial photographer who seems to have spent half his life annoying blondes and the other half abusing the servants is basically a very lovable and romantic old party. I don't even believe, if you come right down to it, that a man who has had four wives is good for two hours of jocular reference on the current stage, since no less than three gentle poets I know have tied this mark without being regarded as more than slightly impressionable by their worldly friends. In fact, it occurred to me, listening to his rather desperate variations of the Manville joke, that Mr. Herbert might be a somewhat innocent and old-fashioned man, just as "For Keeps," which employs a junior miss as its principal critic of life, is in many ways an innocent and old-fashioned play. It is also an immoderately talkative one and, I'm afraid, a powerful argument for shutting the young up somewhere until they get a little sense.

Patricia Kirkland, in one of the longest parts since Hamlet, has been suitably decorated by my colleagues as the season's most promising ingénue, so I can only add that she is certainly the prettiest. Frank Conroy, Julie Warren, Donald Murphy, and Joan Wetmore are compelled to represent what strike me either as very tiresome or very disagreeable people, and since their director seems to have instructed them to emphasize the charm, the effect is sometimes confusing.

"SLIGHTLY SCANDALOUS," at the National, is described in the program as "a new comedy by Frederick Jackson, based on an idea by Roland Bottomley." Bottomley's idea, stripped to its chassis, is that it might be cute if you took some dame like Thompson or Luce and fixed her up with three kids, two of whom are about to marry into families high in Westchester society. Naturally, these rural blue bloods want to know something about the kids' father, since all the old girl has to show is an oil painting of him that looks like one of those unlikely sports in the whiskey advertisements. Well, the payoff is that she isn't married at all. All the kids have different fathers, and not only that, but these fathers all come from different countries. One is a big English nobleman and another is a big Polish piano player and the third one is some kind of big exiled French general. She never married any of them because she is a very advanced type and doesn't want to be tied down. She'd live with one of them awhile and then as soon as she got pregnant she'd give him the old brusheroo. Well, that kind of stuff is O.K. until it comes time for the kids to get married, and naturally bastardy is a handicap to them, especially in Westchester. So what does she do but send for the three old horrors and start a popularity contest to see which one she's going to marry. The big twist comes at the end, and it is a honey. It is also Bottomley's secret, and I guess I can keep my trap shut when I have to.



"I do believe his voice is beginning to change."

Jackson's treatment of Bottomley's idea is strictly a paint-and-accessory job. He has furnished the kind of bright, exasperating conversation to be expected from a lady who acts as a cultural link between Stalin and the clubwomen of America; he has put in some jokes which may conceivably have amused Mrs. Jackson and some comedy types who failed to amuse me; and, having written a farce, he has directed it in slow motion, which appears to be a mistake. Janet Beecher, back from a twelve-year stretch on the Coast, gives a crisp, dignified performance in the leading rôle, and it is surely not her fault if she often gives the impression of a lady out slumming. The others don't seem quite tough enough to grapple with Bottomley and Jackson.

PROBABLY the best way for a reviewer to deal with a collection of vaudeville acts is to report on them briefly and separately and let the customer draw his own conclusions. Here, then, is an itemized program of "Take a Bow," Lou Walters' variety show at the Broadhurst:

Jay C. Flippen, master of ceremonies:

How do they do it?*

*How do they get the ship into the bottle? A spring arrangement permits the tall masts to lie horizontal. Once past the bottle-neck they snap upright. It's easy when you know how!

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE have wondered at the skill that puts a full-rigged ship in a bottle. More millions have marveled at the remarkable Dry Martini *Heublein* puts in a bottle.

It's a simple secret! Heublein still uses scarce and precious pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN—and the world's finest *DRY VERMOUTH.*

Ask for Heublein's Club Cocktails at your local liquor store. They're ready-mixed, ready to add ice and serve.

THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Dry Martini, 71 *proof* • Manhattan, 65 *proof*
Martini, Medium, 60 *proof* • Daiquiri, 70 *proof*
Old Fashioned, 80 *proof* • Side Car, 60 *proof*

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Mr. Flippen is as stately as Gloria Swanson, but I suspect him of not being very funny. In a way, he also sings.

The Marjery Fielding Girls: A rather nice-looking bunch who fill in between the acts and help out generally. Miss Fielding's dance routines are vigorous if not distinguished.

The Whitson Brothers: Acrobats, and really exceptional ones.

Gene Sheldon: A pantomimist and the funniest man of the evening, and maybe of the year. For reasons I'd rather not know, Mr. Sheldon finds occasion to sew his fingers together, remove his eyes and juggle them, and grapple with a banjo.

Johnny Mack: Good tap.

Chico Marx: Of the Brothers, of course. Mr. Marx is a treat on the piano but perhaps a little laborious in conversation.

Alan Cross and Henry Dunn: "America's premier song stylists," whatever that may be. The bunk, I'd say offhand.

Pat Rooney: After fifty years on the stage, Mr. Rooney jitterbugs with one of the chorus girls. No comment.

Think-a-Drink Hoffman: The Professor again turning water into wine. Sloppy but mysterious.

Mary Raye and Naldi: Ballroom dancing and very pretty, too.

The Murtah Sisters: Three madcaps who may easily make your head hurt.

Approximate entertainment value of whole exhibit: 67½%, or just about passing.

UPSTAIRS at 205 East Sixty-seventh Street, in an auditorium hung with flags and paved with good intentions, a group of ruthless wags are offering a parody melodrama called "Broken Hearts of Broadway." Beer is provided for the audience, and also paper hats and false mustaches and little wooden hammers, for banging on the table. Old songs are sung on both sides of the footlights, and the customers are encouraged to hiss the villain and get in the spirit of things generally. This indulgent kidding of the Gay Nineties must have its charm or so many people wouldn't bother with it, but this particular specimen seemed pretty wearing to me. However, I am not exactly the boy for community gambols and may be prejudiced. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

PLAN TO KILL SOME
OF NATIONAL PARK
ELK BEFORE ICKES
—*Headline in the Denver Post.*

Well, first things first.

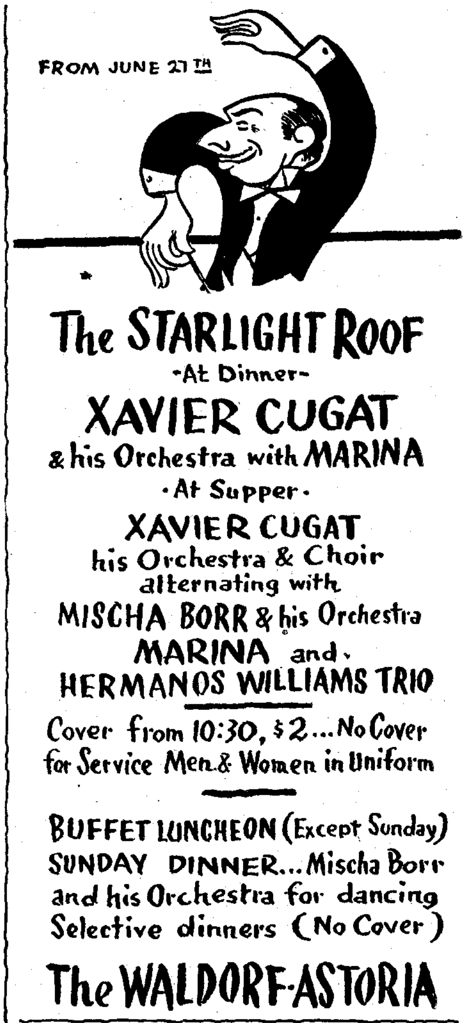
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 18 (BY CABLE)

ONCE again the civilians of this island find themselves, as they expected, back under fire in the front line—all civilians, that is, living south of an imaginary line drawn from Bristol to The Wash, an area all parts of which, for security reasons, are now lumped together in air-raid reports as southern England. Up to Thursday the people of this section, like those of the rest of England, were thinking about the Battle of Normandy and not much else. On Friday, however, when it became evident that Hitler's secret weapon had stopped being a joke and had entered the active nuisance class, the new attacks on southern England by pilotless planes naturally took up a good deal of local conversation. Wardens and fireguards, arriving at their jobs rather bleary after a night of unfamiliar sights and noises, had guessed that something queer was up and there was general approval when Mr. Herbert Morrison, later in the day, made no bones about it in his official statement. Nobody seemed inclined to make any bones, either, about the new element of danger introduced by the weapon, even though the universal conviction is, as one man put it, that "the Jerries have got a nuisance there but not a winner." People know that the pilotless plane can't affect the outcome of the invasion one jot, but also they are resigned to the fact that it may easily make life here uncomfortable and hazardous in a new sort of way. What principally bothers the southern English at this moment is a certain illogical, Wellsian creepiness about the idea of a robot skulking about overhead, in place of merely a young Nazi with his finger on the bomb button. Mothers are dispatching delighted youngsters to school these days with instructions for them to duck into the nearest doorway should they see an odd-shaped, winged missile which, reputedly, hums like a motorbike and is lit up at the tail and otherwise carries on suspiciously. Tin hats which have been hanging dustily in closets with the family gas masks are also being hauled out, since wherever there is an anti-aircraft barrage, daylight alerts will again be unhealthy. Annoyance, altogether, would seem to be the dominant public emotion, though lots of English might sneakingly admit that they don't feel displeased to be in it with the boys in Normandy, even in such a relatively minor way.

UNTIL Thursday's sudden burst of sirens, what had surprised the average individual most, and perhaps slightly disappointed him, was that the everyday routine of life had been so little changed by the invasion. Transportation, for instance, which everybody thought would be badly snarled up, turned out to be affected far less than worried travellers had feared. The Southern Railway has been bringing its mob of hurrying business people into London every morning as blandly as if it didn't also have an invasion on its hands. London itself, since D Day, has seemed more normal than it had for months before. There's a lot more room on its pavements, for one thing, now that the uniforms, both British and American, have thinned out, and the effect of their departure upon the average citizen's ability to get about town is staggering. Civilians lifting a timid finger for a taxi are overwhelmed when two or three attentive cabbies race up, and they are unsettled by the novelty of being able to buy a meal or a seat in a cinema with ease. Any newsreel theatre showing pictures of the landings in France, however, draws enormous, if quite unexcitable, audiences.

People seem remarkably calm about the invasion as a whole, though they feel that the Allies are doing fine and there was real enthusiasm over the great American recovery at the beachhead near Carentan. Possibly the general soberness is due to the feeling that the worst fighting is still to come, or possibly it is due to the fact that the nearness of the operations seems to have dawned on the public at last and with a shock. Except for a short time at the beginning of the war, most English families have done their worrying about soldiers who were a long way off, but now postcards from France are beginning to drop into their mailboxes as casually as though the troops had gone to Brighton for the weekend. Possibly the first impact upon civilians of the wounded—not neatly tidied-up cases returning after months of hospitalization but weary bloodstained men straight out of battle—has also helped to bring home the fact that war has moved in just across the street. Incidentally, an official warning has just been issued,



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aimed at curbing the impatience of the families of wounded men, who are advised to find out if the train service is reliable before they rush to his bedside, if there is any accommodation to be had at their destination, and if their man is in serious enough shape to justify the expedition at all.

THE Prime Minister did what most English stay-at-homes would give a lot to do when he popped over to visit the bridgehead, and Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P., who in the House of Commons deplored the journey as unnecessarily dangerous, was dismissed at ordinary breakfast tables with shorter and rounder Anglo-Saxon words than those used by Mr. Brendan Bracken to rout him in the House. M.P.'s, however, didn't waste their breath by cheering Mr. Churchill's return but employed it, instead, to give him a brisk welcome-home workout over the de Gaulle situation. Mr. Churchill may have been right when he said that there was no widespread dismay in this country about the French problem, but there's enough uneasiness to amount to the same thing. Simple people boil it down to the feeling that de Gaulle, whom they remember gratefully as a foul-weather friend, isn't getting a square deal. The tragedy of the whole unhappy business, to intelligent men and women of all classes, seems to be that France is having her hour without being permitted to have her man.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

VERDICT

"I have to have my rest so I can juggle." *—William C. Wegner, juggler of Los Angeles, testifying that his wife annoyed him by sitting on the edge of his bed to jiggle it and keep him awake.—Item in PM.*

A woman joined to a juggler
must not jiggle;
a spouse taken by a tackler
must not tickle,
bound to a bottler
must not battle;
a maid mated to a mangler
must not mingle;
a gal hitched to a haggler
must not higgle,
harnessed to a hackler
must not heckle,
helpmeet to a hostler
must not hustle;
and so on, et cetera and et cetera,
till, bitterer and bitterer,
he gets rid of her.

—MIRIAM TANE

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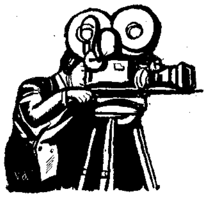
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Comic's Return

IT would be foolish to suppose that a picture in which Jimmy Durante has much to do could be an altogether bad one, and "Two Girls and a Sailor," in which quite a bit of footage is devoted to Durante, his nose, and his vocabulary, profits accordingly. The movies are serving a good little purpose when they bring Durante out of the Copacabana and put him where everybody can see him. In this vehicle he is permitted to do a bit of singing and reciting and piano playing and tell some jokes and even get mixed up in the plot, with the result that the two hours the picture runs seem like about two hours instead of all night, as is often the case with these marathon variety shows. Some of the other performers, such as Gracie Allen, Lena Horne, Ben Blue, and the brother-and-sister piano team of José Iturbi and Amparo Navarro, are well chosen, too, so you don't have to just sit there chewing your nails every time Durante is away somewhere. There are moments when a stronger passion for the music of Harry James and Xavier Cugat is called for than some of us may be able to muster, but they pass.



The two girls mentioned in the title are night-club entertainers who run a canteen on the side, and the sailor is a fellow who loves one or the other of them at one time or another. This group is played by June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, and Van Johnson, and theirs is the strenuous job of keeping the plot going. You more or less have to write them off as martyrs to a dubious cause and concentrate on the extra-narrative talent. The latter element is introduced by means of the canteen device. The canteen itself is another one of those expansive rooms, big enough to accommodate the armed forces of the United Nations, which Hollywood is always able to provide. The boys get some pretty good entertainment in this one, and the movie audience, luckily, gets to sit in on it.

HARNESS racing is the background for "Home in Indiana," a corn-fed sort of a film but in some respects a rather nice one. Probably its best feature is the portion dedicated to trotting horses and the atmosphere of the tracks, all of which is furthered by handsome Technicolor. The business of getting a harness race off to a smooth start is represented in the picture as being much simpler and less tedious than it's likely to be in stern, hard actuality, but too much realism in a matter of that kind might not be a good idea. It would be a much better idea if starters would learn to do the job the way it's done in the movies. It isn't hard to predict the outcome of any of the races run off on the screen, because they're all part of the dramatic scheme of things, nor is it hard to tell that the hero, a promising young driver, and the heroine, the daughter of a driver for another stable, will come to some agreement in the end. The scenery is good-looking, however, and the horses are pretty to watch, even though, having picked the winner, you have a gloomy feeling that you should have put twenty-five dollars on his nose. Some simple, pleasant acting is done, too, by Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, and June Haver, who have the main rôles.

A FEW uncomplicated facts about ship building are revealed in "Man from Frisco," with Michael O'Shea and Anne Shirley, and here again the background of the picture creates most of the interest. The trouble this time, though, is that not only is the story highly elementary and predictable but the information to be had about prefabricated ships and the beauties of welding is not very weighty stuff. Even the housing and other problems deriving from a wartime industrial boom in a small town, although they are agreeably topical, turn out to be not quite gripping enough, at least not the way they are served up in this instance.

—David Lardner

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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr. Kilgallon sipped at his black coffee, spat it out, then yelled: "My God! I'm in the house of the Borgias!"—*From "Salute to Yesterday," by Gene Fowler.*

While I was lifting my own glass, Barrymore tossed off his drink with delicacy, but with speed. Then his eyes opened wide. He began to make desperate, swimming motions, first the breast-stroke, then the trudgeon, and finally a frantic Australian crawl. When his windpipe lost some of its paralysis, he rose to his feet and gasped: "My God! I'm in the house of the Borgias!"—*From "Good Night, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler.*

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from The Homestead
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Several times this year, the demand for Homestead accommodations has far exceeded the capacity of even this big hotel.

Deeply as we regret having to decline to take care of our friends at any time, we will not jeopardize THE HOMESTEAD'S good will by accepting more guests than we can serve in the established Homestead way.

We think friends of THE HOMESTEAD will understand and approve this policy, even though it may sometimes call for suiting their schedules to our facilities more than in the past.

Reservations for September and later now being made. Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria.

The
HOMESTEAD
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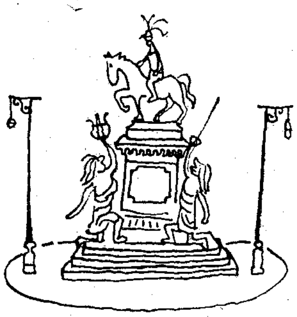
LETTER FROM ROME

JUNE 16 (BY WIRELESS)

THE German radio, this past week, has informed the Romans that, as part of a spontaneous demonstration of public mourning over the Allies' arrival, they are walking around dressed in black, and has gone on to tell them to take heart because it is just a question of time before the good old *tedeschi* will be back for an encore liberation. The radio has also let the ladies of Rome know that they are pouring kettles of hot water out of their windows on American soldiers in the streets. (My chambermaid, a bright girl from the Abruzzi, registered joy at this news. "It means," she told me gaily, "that the water is running again and that the gas has been turned on.") As might be gathered from these German items, the situation here is good—a whole lot better, in fact, than the Allies ever expected.



Among the first A.M.G. personnel to be rushed into the city were fire brigades, who thought they would have large conflagrations to cope with. As it turned out, the water they brought along with them was used to help relieve the water shortage that had resulted from the fact that two aqueducts outside Rome had been damaged in battle. Evidently the Germans, for a variety of reasons, including the military one that they faced complete encirclement if they hung around the capital long, decided to leave the city unharmed, in an act of *edel* conduct calculated to strike secret admiration into everyone's heart. They must have pored long over their maps before they decided just where their area of cultural and religious preservation should begin. Within Rome, no church property was stolen, but the Fifth Army's fine-arts officers have been unable to find a single silver chalice in any of the other towns recently evacuated by the Nazis. In Rome proper, practically all the cultural landmarks are unscarred, but even as near by as Lake Nemi, which stands in relation to Rome as White Plains does to New York, the Nazis burned the two first-century, Emperor Caligula floating palaces, then claimed the Allies had done it. And at Frascati, about ten miles beyond Rome's city limits, the late Renaissance Villa Torlonia, which the Germans used as a command post, was smashed up by them before it was abandoned.

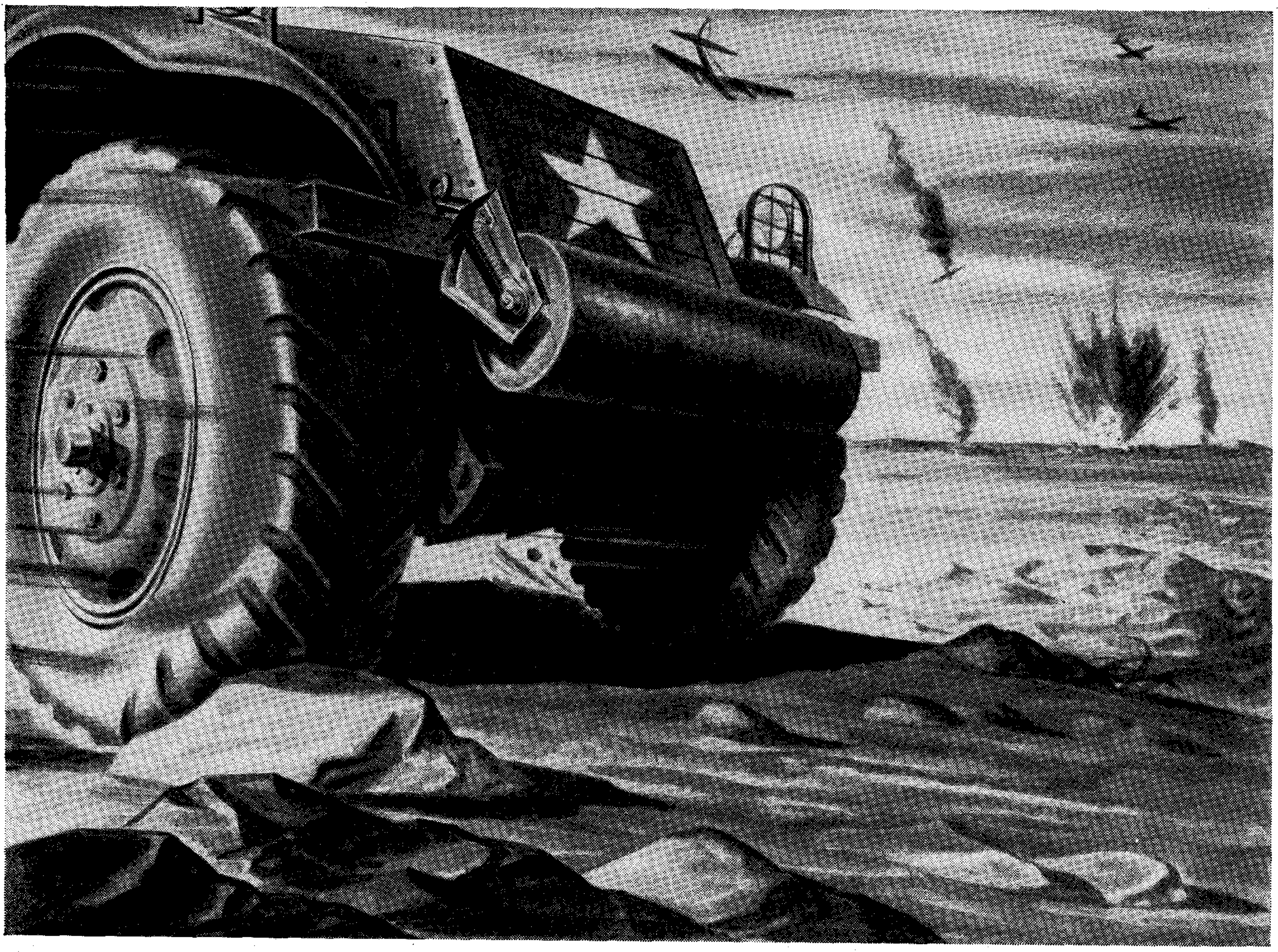
A few deviations from policy did take place inside the city, but they can probably be attributed to the strain of sparing Rome. A number of land mines, most of which are believed to have been found, were planted in certain neighborhoods. Also, during their last few days here, some Germans, apparently just for the hell of it, fired their pistols at the stuccoed decorations of the seventeenth-century Villa Doria-Pamphilii, neatly destroying them. A German art commission, headed by Hans Posse, director of the Dresden Museum, which had been shopping in Paris for the Reich, was transferred to Rome to continue its work here. For all their other collaboration with the Nazis, the Italians did balk at parting with their art treasures. By hiding or burying them, or turning them over to the Vatican for safekeeping, they managed to hold Herr Posse's acquisitions down to a handful of second-string paintings. Herr Posse aside, the Germans appear to have stuck fairly close to their basic policy of letting Rome off easy.

DESPITE the unwrecked condition in which the city was found, there is plenty of work for A.M.G. officials to do. The water doesn't always run when the taps are turned on. The shelled aqueducts are now being fixed, however, and within the next three weeks there should be an ample supply. Electricity, which is now being rationed, will continue to be scarce, because the necessary fuel is both difficult to transport and needed by the military. The city's telephone system, which was damaged, is expected to be in complete working order soon. Our communications people are having nearly as much trouble unravelling the intricacies of Rome's telephone network as they are with the actual job of repair. The government buildings in particular are a headache. It seems that practically all the Fascist officials played at being big shots by having four phones on their desks. "One was for incoming and outgoing calls," a distracted Signal Corps officer told me. "One was for interoffice calls. One was a monitoring phone, so that a man could listen in on everybody else's conversation. And one just never did work."

The banks, after a week's holiday, are open again. Allied banking experts, taking a careful inventory during the shutdown, discovered that the Germans had made off with the country's entire gold reserve of two and a half billion lire, and had exacted, after the capitulation, a monthly indemnity of seven and a half billion lire through last December, raised it to ten billions at the beginning of this year, and forced the Italian government to pay the expenses of maintaining the German Army in Italy. The courts are holding sessions again. Some anti-Fascists feel, incidentally, that certain judges would bear investigation. Professor Di Ruggiero, of the University of Rome, who once served a prison sentence in the Gestapo's torture chamber on the Via Tasso, has emerged from five months of hiding to become the new Minister of Education. One of his first acts was to arrange special make-up examinations for anti-Fascist and Jewish students who had been permitted to attend classes but not to take exams, a discrimination which prevented them from getting credit for their courses.

THE city is definitely overcrowded, and that, too, keeps it from settling down to an easier tempo. Nearly three hundred thousand Italian refugees have moved to the capital since the Allies landed in Sicily. The majority of them, who were trying to get out of the way of the battles, came from the region between Cassino and Rome. A surprisingly large number, however, are from sections of the country as far away as Sicily. They are here, in many cases, because of the Nazis' method of recruiting manpower. The Germans, during their occupation of Italian towns, have been collecting the healthy-looking young men, herding them into trucks, and driving them off to work in forced-labor battalions. The older peasants, who have an extraordinarily strong sense of family, then pack up their belongings, load them onto donkey carts, and set out in pursuit of their sons. Half the time they don't know where to go, but they keep plodding on until they find their boys, or become exhausted from the chase.

The refugees will soon be sent to a huge reception centre that is being prepared south of Rome, at the *Cinecittà*, which Il Duce built some years ago with the idea of developing an Italian Hollywood. There, amid damaged movie sets and studios—the *Città*, lying between two main highways, was hit often—the Italians will be fed and lodged; as soon as our own military



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RUTH GORDON IN
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By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
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EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT., 2:40

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—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40
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HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
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The Searching Wind
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FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
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Meyer Davis presents
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CORT THEA 48th Street, East of B'way
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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 55

traffic lets up, they will be returned to their homes and set to work on the land again. So far, two thousand non-Italian refugees—"displaced persons," in official parlance—have also turned up. They include Maltese, Greeks, Poles, Yugoslavs, English, Americans, and several Ethiopian girls. All of them had been in internment when the armistice came, at which time the Italian authorities decided to release them. Shortly afterward the Germans tried to find them, but by hiding out with Roman friends, joining the underground, or even disguising themselves as monks, most of them managed to remain at large until the Allies came. The A.M.G. plans to get these people back to their homes, too, but this project is obviously more difficult. In the meantime, the Americans and English among them who are out of cash are receiving four thousand lire a month.

The current congestion is also being relieved by the shifting of many Allied troops out of the Rome area. Naturally, the boys are reluctant to go. They like the city, and the Roman girls strike them as being prettier than any others they have encountered since leaving home. The girls, for their part, are trying to make an adjustment to the new conquerors, but sometimes they forget to drop their Germanisms. A mess sergeant I know was telling me proudly the other day of a charming acquaintance he had met. "I know she went for me, because she didn't call me 'honey' or 'baby' or any of that stuff," he said. "She takes one look at me and right off she's got a nickname—*Liebchen*."

Some anti-Fascists are not eager for the troops, or anyone else, for that matter, to leave the jammed city. "It feels good to see the crowds in the streets," one of them said to me. "We never knew there were so many people in Rome. Before, only the Germans and Fascists were in the streets. We didn't like to go out of our homes. Something bad could happen to us if we did. If they saw you walking, maybe they would send you to Germany to work, or maybe they were looking for you, or maybe they just felt like arresting someone. We used to put out our lights and go to bed early. Since the liberation, my friends and I have had a party every night. We have no wine, but we stay up as late as we can keep our eyes open, and we have a wonderful time."

AMONG the people liberated here were two great scholars: George Santayana and Professor Albert Van Buren, an American Academy in Rome archæologist. Along with a Chicago *Daily News* correspondent named Morgan, I looked up Santayana soon after getting here. We found him living in a single room in an institution run by the Little Company of Mary, a Catholic group. Despite the fact that he is a Spanish citizen and has been away from the United States for thirty-two years, he immediately went into this seclusion when Italy declared war on us, and he has since had nothing to do with Roman life. He seemed in good health, but he spoke resentfully of his old age, which, he said, had kept him from being involved in the war, as he would have liked to be, and had made him "callous" to it. As we talked on, it developed that he had a very special reason for being pleased with the Allies' arrival. He was telling us that he had completed two books—a second volume of his autobiography and a tract on religion entitled "God in Man"—when he suddenly interrupted himself. "Really, I *am* glad to see you two," he said ingenuously. Morgan and I thanked him. "But please don't be flattered," he said. "Ezra Pound was the only one who visited me when the Germans were here. I never asked him to come. I couldn't understand a word he said, and, quite frankly, I think the man is mad."

Professor Van Buren, who has remained uninterned because several Italian scholars stood as guarantors for him with the Germans, was found in Rome by a former student, Lieutenant Colonel Henry Rowell, now the A.M.G. Education Officer for Rome. As soon as Rowell entered the capital, he made straight for his old professor's office in the Academy, on the Via Gianicolo. Outside, the Italians were cheering and Allied tanks were rolling by. Inside the office, the atmosphere was still. Van Buren was there all right, bent over a book. Rowell walked up to him and tried to make his presence known with as much restraint as possible. "The Professor said hello to me and he was very nice," Rowell told me afterward, "but he was reading Dessau's 'Inscriptiones Latinae Selectae.' I think I made him lose his place."

—DANIEL LANG

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Philadelphia Record*]

WOMAN IN NIGHTCLUB
STRIPPED OF SHOES

OKLAHOMA CITY, (AP)—Now that they've heard from Mrs. Cecelia Fields, the police won't be surprised at anything.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Germans, as the President says, have their backs to three walls. They have probably taken this position in order to avoid having to look at all that handwriting.

●

Military experts tell us that the German counterattack in Normandy failed to halt the invasion because it wasn't prompt or powerful enough. The predatory Nazis must even have stolen the old Allied formula "Too little and too late."

●

Our soldiers find Normandy an improvement over England in one respect at least. Automobile drivers in France keep to the right-hand side of the road.

●

The landing of French troops on Elba has set many tongues to wagging. One rumor is that accommodations are being prepared there for another distinguished visitor.

●

The Tokio government makes light of the damage caused by the raid of our big B-29's. Our bombers, on the other hand, apparently made light of several important war factories.

●

Neither our President nor our Governor has expressed any interest in the forthcoming Chicago conventions. Keen observers note, however, that the two New York violets are no longer shrinking so badly.

●

Republican Chairman Harrison E. Spangler has invited Hoover, Landon, and Willkie to present their views to the Resolutions Committee before the convention. The G.O.P. apparently thinks it can use the advice of these three wearers of the political Purple Heart.

●

Anti-Roosevelt Southerners are toying with the idea of letting Presidential electors use their own judgment instead of following the election returns. Most people, though, still cling to the old-fashioned notion that Electoral College boys should never be encouraged to think for themselves.

●

It seems that the last tax bill will have to be passed all over again because of a misprint. This will be a blow to those tired congressmen who want to get outdoors and play politics.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

I'm proud to admit
I'm a grandmother

I'm proud that my soft, smooth skin belies the years . . .

that my make-up glows so flatteringly.

The secret of this youthful-looking appearance?

Revenescence . . . I've depended on it for more years than I care tell.

Revenescence Cream

by

Charles of the Ritz

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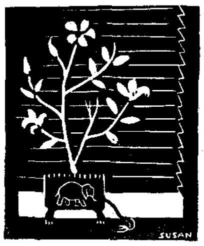
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

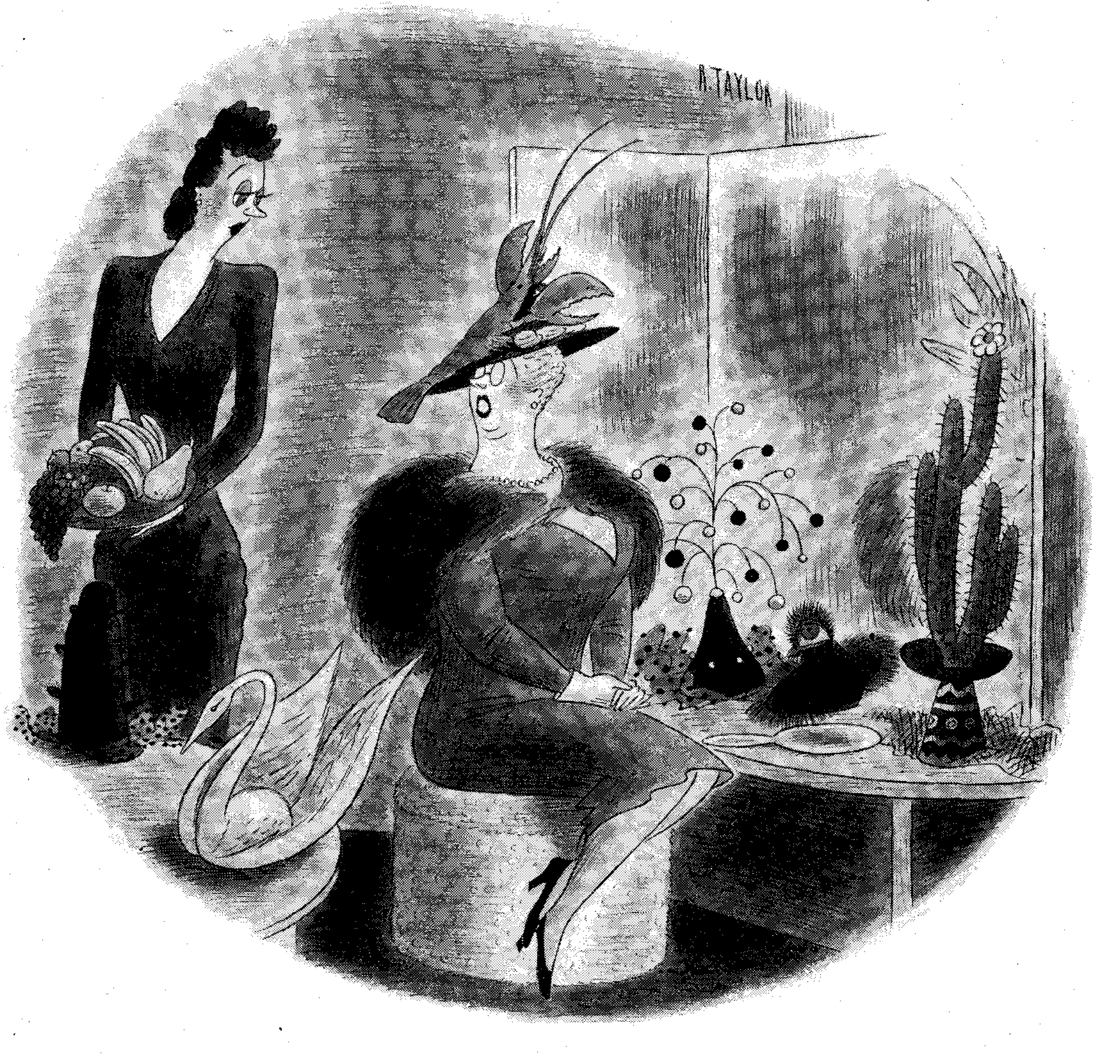


LORD & TAYLOR'S new exhibition of interior decorating in the grand manner, to be seen in a six-room house on the store's seventh floor, makes it clear that the tradition established there during the era of William Pahlmann is not to be allowed to die out, even though Pahlmann's talents are nowadays being applied solely to the war effort. Victor Proetz, the man who was brave enough to pick up the torch, has provided a stunning summer show. The house he has produced is a rambling affair, all on one floor, and has along its façade about half a city block of broad, arbored terrace which, just for fun and at the flip of the proper switch, you may see dappled with either moonlight or sunlight, which comes through a lush fake foliage of vines dripping with magnolia blooms and occasional lemons. This horticultural horse-play is no foretaste of what you'll find inside, however, for there Mr. Proetz's gifts as a decorator and a designer of furniture and interior architecture become thoroughly evident. Moreover, the house manages to suggest not only a pleasant (if, for this particular moment in history, lavish and luxurious) way to furnish and decorate but a pleasant (and lavish and luxurious) way to live.

For his ideas, Mr. Proetz seems to have gone back to the Empire period, when designers borrowed freely from the unimpeachable Classic style and people arranged their houses so as to have rooms for formal entertaining and rooms for family life, and none of this promiscuous, modern mixing up of the two. That's the way Lord & Taylor's house is done: The mythical couple who live there keep their private affairs strictly out of the living room (a misnomer in this case) and the dining room, which are handsome and spacious and tell you nothing about the owners except that they are people of exceptional taste and enough wealth to indulge it. Their real living quarters—bedrooms, library, and a morning or music room, in which they apparently have their meals when they are not entertaining—are in a separate wing and are as revealing (the Master is plainly a student, an armchair sportsman, and a drinking man, and is on excellent terms with Madame, a feminine creature who adores ruffles and is musical) as the public rooms are reticent. Obviously an attractive couple, and I'll try to let you know from time to time how they are getting along.

There's neither a kitchen nor a bathroom *in the place*, but then this is a dream house. You'll enjoy going through it, anyway.

THAT ear which alert establishments keep *constantly* to the ground was quick to catch the first rumor of the Fahrenheitor, an elegant tank made of cork-jacketed glass, in which quart bottles of wine, beer, or whatever can be cooled in next to no time right at the table. This device uses the ancient principle of brine cooling to achieve its purpose, and anyone who ever made ice cream at home in an old-fashioned freezer will get the idea at once. A refrigerator tray of ice cubes, crushed and mixed with a little water and two cups of rock salt (table salt will work, but it would be extravagant to use it for this purpose), plus pumping your bottle up and down in the tank for a bit, and the job is done. Refrigerator space, more than ever at a premium now that housewives have learned through necessity to market several days ahead, is saved, and you can have a cold bottle for that hot bird any old time, at a moment's notice. The tank can be used in off moments as an ice tub, to give you an even better return on your invest-



"I'm sorry, but none of these are quite like the one I saw in my dreams."

Emerald and diamond necklace, gift of Napoleon to the Duchess Torlonia, purchased by Harry Winston from the Torlonia estate. We are continually buying jewels from private owners and estates . . . and newly mined gems.

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers... Now you have the opportunity to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections in New York... Elsewhere in America, Winston Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing.

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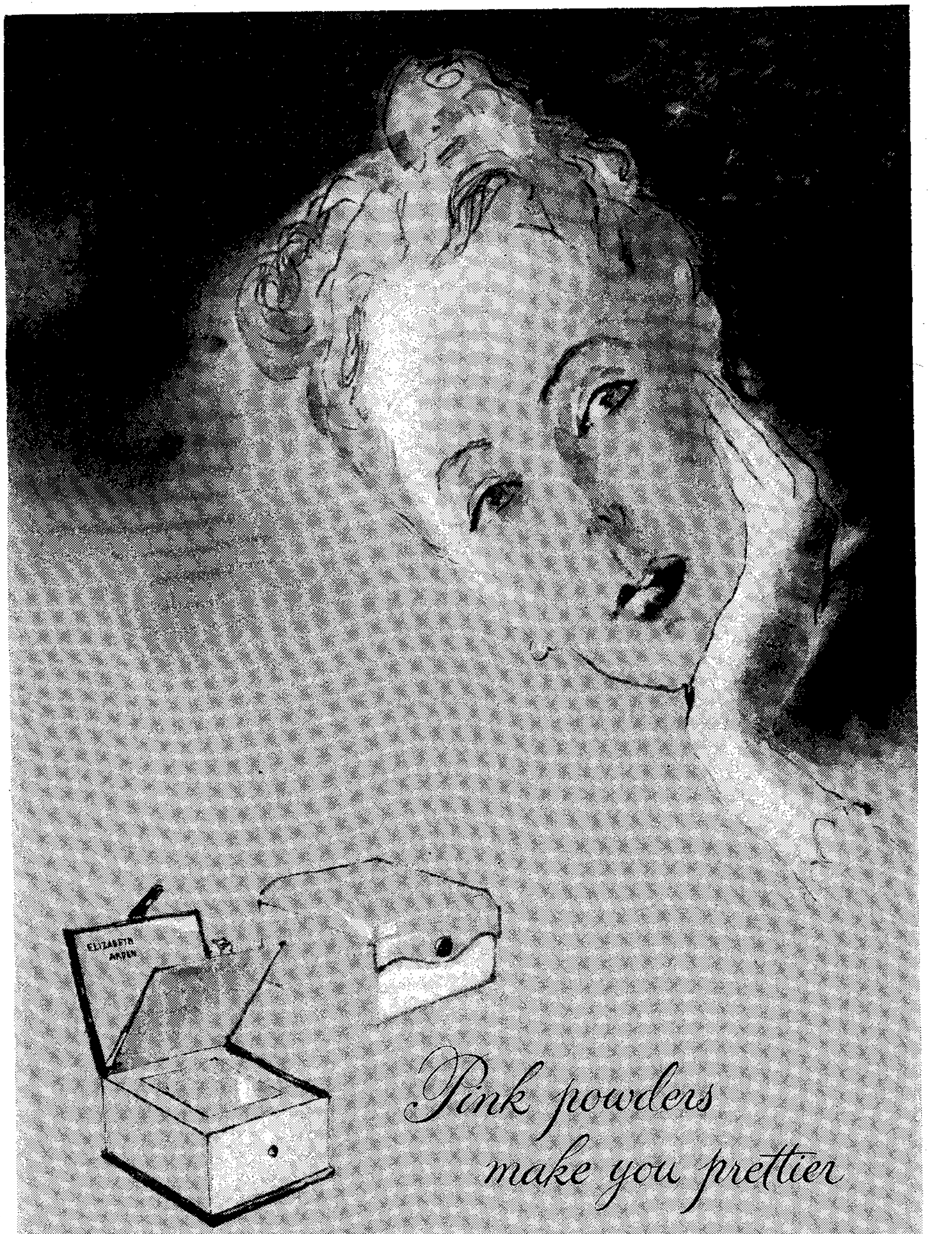
ment—$22. At Abercrombie & Fitch and Lewis & Conger, among others.

MODERN MAGIC: Hammacher Schlemmer are offering a liquid mildew killer (all right—Mil-Du-Rid, if you must have the grim details) which, applied to affected clothing, laundry, luggage, rugs, and even breadboxes and closet walls, cures the ailment and helps prevent future damage. This costs a dollar a pint, which is cheaper than it sounds, since you dilute the stuff before you put it on. . . . The same store has air cushions ($1.25 and $2.25) of Vinylite, another of those plastics, covered over with water-repellent khaki cloth. The cushions are no beauties, but they do the same job for travellers and picnickers that the old rubber ones did, and, to my mind at least, feel less slithery and clammy against the back of the neck. . . . Air-Wick, the smell dispeller, has been around long enough for lots of people to have found out how efficient it can be, especially in small, confined spaces like cupboards and clothes closets, to say nothing of kitchens, but I mention it just in case you are one of the unfortunates who still haven't heard of it. The thing about Air-Wick is that it is so simple to use. You just unscrew the bottle cap, pull up the wick inside, and let her go. Even hardware and grocery stores carry this. . . . Something else that isn't new but is worth mentioning anyway is Setfast Canvas Paint, which is about $1.40 a quart and $5 a gallon at Hammacher Schlemmer, Wanamaker, and so on. It restores the youth and beauty of old, soiled, and faded awnings, garden umbrellas, hammocks, and beach-chair seats. It goes on like paint, comes in ten colors (which you can mix together as you like), contains a mildew killer, and is sunfast and moisture-resistant. It has also been used with great success on Venetian-blind tapes, fibre rugs, and the tops of convertible cars. It does *not* cure the common cold.

ONE of the great summer-decorating contributions of the season has been made by W. & J. Sloane. They have turned checked seersucker, crisp and crinkled, in combinations of blue, green, red, or brown with white, into bedroom sets of spread ($14.95), curtains ($8.95 a pair), and dressing-table petticoats ($9.95). These notions are a cinch for even an amateur laundress to whisk through suds, and the only thing that has to be ironed is the white muslin ruffling which edges each piece.
—B. B.



Pink powders make you prettier

The most flattering shade you can put on your face—so Elizabeth Arden suggests Renoir Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder for daytime—to blend away fatigue lines, give a delicate, pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable. Then, when evening comes, take off your workaday clothes, forget this workaday world, put on Paradise Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder—see the tired shadows disappear, your complexion grow young, luminous. Smile across the table with the confidence . . . the assurance . . . the sparkle . . . that are inevitably yours when you know you look your best.

The following is a complete Radiant Peony Makeup Harmony using Pink Powders:

Renoir Pink Cameo Powder, 1.75 and 3.00 over
Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder, 1.75 and 3.00
All Day Foundation Cream, Light Rosetta Bronze, 1.00
Radiant Peony Lipstick, 1.00 and 1.50 (refills .75)
Radiant Peony Nail Polish, .75
Eye Sha-do, Opal Blue and Soft Brown, 1.25 each
Eye Cosmetique, Brown, 1.50 **(prices plus taxes)**

Elizabeth Arden

CHAIN OF COMMAND

Captain Breen was late in arriving at battalion mess. It was close to twelve-thirty and already the junior officers were leaving to take charge of their platoons for the afternoon's exercises. He was sorry to see them go. He had hoped to lose, in the chatter of admiring second lieutenants, the feeling of depression that had been with him ever since that disastrous battalion bivouac.

He stopped at the coupon box to drop in a ticket from his ration book. Then he moved down the room, nodding to a couple of captains he recognized sitting among the first lieutenants, and avoiding the invitation of a chaplain who motioned to a vacancy beside him at the table. Breen was wondering if he could sit by himself at the end of the room without being considered strange. He was still debating the point when he saw the major.

The major was lunching alone. He was sitting with his elbows on the table, staring at Captain Breen and beyond. His jaws moved with a slow, majestic rhythm, as if masticating were a duty prescribed in some manual. He seemed neither to recognize Breen nor to ignore him.

Breen hesitated for a moment, then steered toward the major's table, forcing a smile as he approached. "Mind if I join you, sir?" he asked.

The major's jaws stopped. His eyes moved up. "No. If you wish."

Breen swung his legs across the narrow bench. He removed the inverted coffee mug from his plate and set it right side up on the table. Then he reached for the aluminum coffee jug and poured.

"The coffee looks better today," he observed. "At least it's a shade darker than usual. How does it taste, sir?"

"I really hadn't noticed," said the major.

A young soldier in fatigues came up to take Breen's order. It appeared that there was a choice of soup on the menu. "I don't want any soup," Breen said. "Just bring me the meat loaf and some more coffee. Hot coffee."

"O.K.," the soldier said, and started to go.

The major pulled him up short. "Is that the way you address an officer?"

"Sorry, sir," the soldier said. He looked at Breen apologetically. "I'll get you that hot coffee right away, sir." He hurried off toward the kitchen.

The major reached for a slice of bread and buttered it before he spoke. "That should never have happened, Breen. You should have nipped that yourself."

"Sorry, sir," Breen said. He took a sip of lukewarm coffee and decided to alibi. "The kid was so obviously green. Probably just came in with the last bunch of trainees."

"All the more reason why we should teach him military courtesy at once," the major said. He was loading marmalade on his piece of bread, taking care that none of it dripped off. "This is a training camp, Breen. It's our duty to train soldiers in a training camp."

Breen felt like a ten-year-old boy. He laughed, making an effort to pull himself back to adulthood. "Right, sir. I'm afraid you caught me badly off base."

"Not the first time lately, eh, Breen?" The major wiped a shred of marmalade off his thumb. He moved his fingers as if reflecting on the biological wonder of the human hand. "I've been meaning to talk to you about the poor showing your company made at the bivouac," he said at last.

"As bad as that, sir?" Breen said, trying to maintain a jocular tone.

"Very poor. Very poor indeed. Comparatively speaking, the rest of the battalion showed up well, but the impression your company made upon the colonel wasn't good—wasn't good at all."

"You mean the tent pitching, sir. I've been meaning to explain—"

The major cut him off. "Not only the tent pitching, Breen. It was one unfortunate incident after another, climaxed by that man of yours who broke air-raid discipline right under the colonel's nose."

"Mulvaney," said Breen.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mulvaney," Breen repeated. "The man who refused to take cover."

"Exactly," said the major. "Just stood there on the road, staring at the colonel as if he were a dummy!"

"Perhaps I should explain, sir. The boy is unusually nervous. The air-raid

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Today, liquor is precious . . . too precious to mix with ordinary club sodas. For fullest enjoyment, use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink.

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sirens, the whistles, confused him. He knew what to do, but he was physically incapable of doing it. You could call it a mild kind of paralysis. He's had trouble like that before."

"Hmp!" said the major. "I'm afraid I can't take that as an excuse. If there were anything wrong with the man, the doctors would have found it. As they didn't, we must conclude that he's fit for the normal demands of duty."

"But, sir—"

"Look, Breen." The major raised his voice irritably. "I'm not here to argue with you about the merits or demerits of individual cases. You know as well as I do that an incident like that reflects on your entire company. With the colonel present, it made us all look bad."

Breen lowered his coffee cup slowly, trying to control his indignation. "Does that strike you as fair, sir?" he said. "Do you think it's right to judge my whole company by the actions of one neurotic boy?"

"*I'm* not judging your company, Breen. Don't get that idea into your head. The colonel did all the judging necessary. *I* only came in for the ear chewing."

An old Army saw passed through Breen's mind. The general passes the buck to the colonel, who passes it to the major, and so on down the chain of command till it reaches the private. The private has no one to pass it along to, so he's left holding it. That's why he's called a buck private.

"I know you're an ambitious man," the major was saying. "I also thought you were an able one. But I have only one way of judging that. I trust my officers till they let me down. After that, God help them!"

The major nodded curtly and rose from the table. With a slight grunt, he slipped his overseas cap into position on his head. He seemed to have forgotten Breen's existence as he strode with smart military precision down the mess hall.

IT was one thirty-five when Captain Breen reached the pole-climbing area. He noted, from the position of his men about the base of the poles, that he had gauged his arrival exactly right. This was to be the first of a two-session course on telephone-pole climbing, and by now the noncoms would have finished preliminary instructions on the proper use of the strange new equipment the men wore—the metal gaffs strapped to their legs and the wide leather belts with furled safety straps dangling from huge brass buckles.

Breen mounted the steps to the control tower, placed the multigraphed lesson guide forms on the shelf below the microphone, adjusted the instrument to the right height, and looked through the window at the waiting trainees. "Now, men," he began, injecting all the confidence he could muster into his voice, "first and foremost, there's nothing about a pole to be afraid of." He knew, from experience, that wild rumors always circulated in the barracks before this course began. The hospital was supposed to be crammed with crippled men who had fallen from poles. "Get this firmly into your minds. You won't fall. It is impossible for you to fall if you follow the simple instructions I am going to give you."

The lesson started. As the first period wore on, Breen began to feel a renewed pride in his men. They were game and willing. They followed without hesitation each new order that came over the public-address system. If only the major could see his company now, Breen thought. "Eight steps up the pole this time, men," he boomed confidently, and then, reading from Lesson Plan I: " 'Raise the right foot high and wide and drive the gaff toward the centre of the pole. Lift the weight of the body to the right leg and lock the knee.' "

Somewhere in the thicket of poles a man lost his grip. He "burned" down the pole, hit the ground with a jar, and began fingering his ankle.

"It's not broken," Breen reassured him. "You look fine from here. Don't let a little pole burn stop you. Up you go again."

The soldier grinned up at the control booth and began to climb.

At the start of the fourth and last period of the afternoon session, Breen decided upon an experiment. Lesson Plan I, which covered the first day's instruction, called for a climb of only halfway up the pole. The ascent to the top was reserved for the next day. The idea occurred to Breen that, since his men were making such a good showing, the two sessions could be combined into one. It would make an impressive record when reported to battalion headquarters. The major would be bound to pass it along to regiment, as an indication to the colonel of what could be accomplished by the new, speeded-up training program.

The men were taking a break. Breen picked up Lesson Plan II and stepped to the microphone. "All right, men. Back to work," he said. "Douse your cigarettes and get back to the poles."

The soldiers field-stripped their cigarettes, pinching off the burning ember, then tearing the paper and scattering the tobacco into the wind. In smart order they moved to the base of their poles.

"I want you to start climbing," Breen said. "No instructions this time. Climb at will till I give the order to stop."

The men started up the poles, showing by their improved form how much their confidence in their equipment had increased. Up they went till they reached the halfway mark, the peak of their previous climbs. There, as if on command, they hesitated. Heads turned toward the control tower.

"What are you stopping for?" Breen asked. "I said go on till you heard from me."

The men moved a few half steps farther, then stopped again.

"Keep climbing," Breen said. "All the way to the top, every one of you. Let's see what you're made of."

They began to climb again, but the rhythm was gone from their movements. Their hooked arms clutched at the poles. Gaffs were driven again and again into the wood before a trustworthy purchase was found. The blood

TO OUR READERS

***The New Yorker* is now accepting subscriptions for its Overseas Edition, which the Army and Navy have recently been distributing in limited quantities to men in the services. The Overseas Edition is printed on lightweight paper and is a miniature of the regular edition, the page size being reduced to about six by nine inches and the number of pages to twenty-eight. It contains most of the text and pictures of the regular edition but no advertisements. It is sent by first-class mail. A subscription may be entered for anyone with an Army Post Office or Fleet Post Office address. Subscriptions cannot be accepted for addresses within the United States or for prisoners of war. The rate is $4 a year. The Overseas Edition may be sent to men in the armed forces of the other Allied Nations for $5 a year. If a subscription is discontinued, *The New Yorker* will make a refund for the unexpired portion. A subscriber who returns to this country may either take this refund or, paper supply permitting, switch to the regular edition.**

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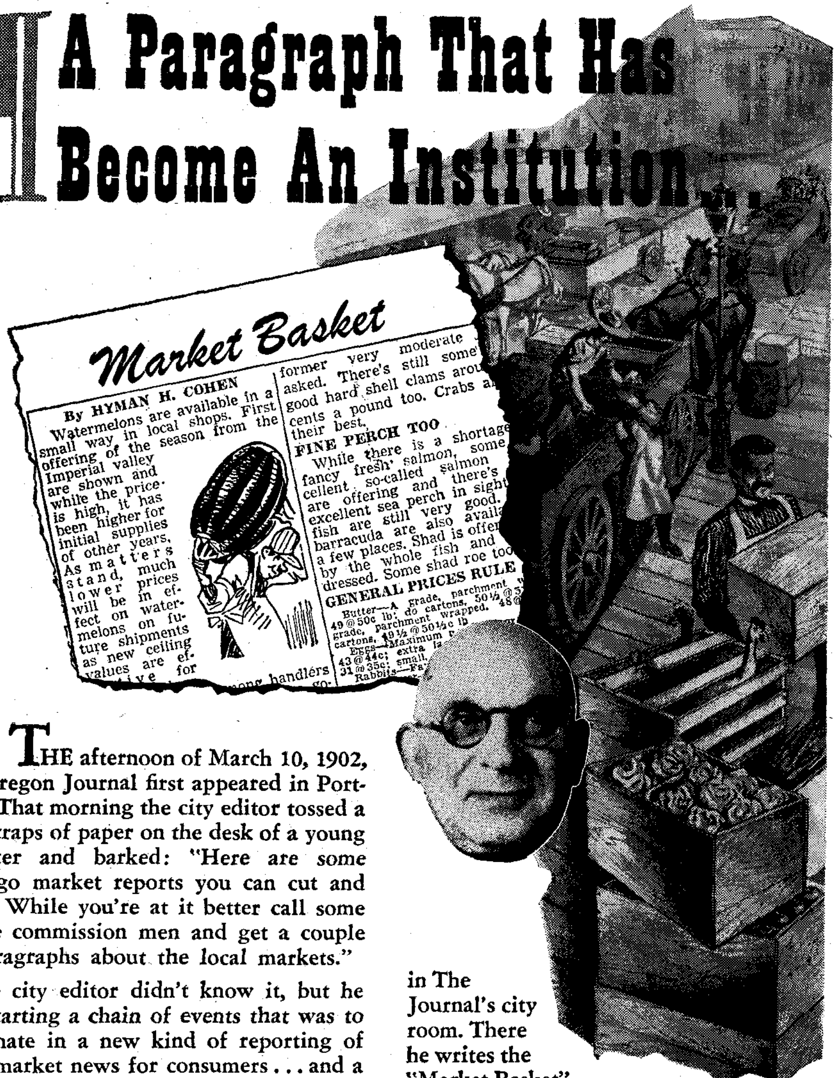

Market Basket

By HYMAN H. COHEN

Watermelons are available in a small way in local shops. First offering of the season from the Imperial valley are shown and while the price is high, it has been higher for initial supplies of other years. As matters stand, much lower prices will be in effect on watermelons on future shipments as new ceiling values are ef-

former very moderate asked. There's still some good hard shell clams arou cents a pound too. Crabs a their best.

FINE PERCH TOO

While there is a shortage fancy fresh' salmon, some cellent so-called salmon are offering and there's excellent sea perch in sight fish are still very good. barracuda are also avail a few places. Shad is offer by the whole fish and dressed. Some shad roe too

GENERAL PRICES RULE

Butter—A grade, parchment 49 @ 50c lb; do cartons, 50½ @ 5 grade, parchment wrapped. 48 @ cartons, 49½ @ 50½c lb Eggs—Maximum extra la 43 @ 44c; small, 31 @ 35c; Rabbits—Fa

THE afternoon of March 10, 1902, the Oregon Journal first appeared in Portland. That morning the city editor tossed a few scraps of paper on the desk of a young reporter and barked: "Here are some Chicago market reports you can cut and paste. While you're at it better call some of the commission men and get a couple of paragraphs about the local markets."

The city editor didn't know it, but he was starting a chain of events that was to culminate in a new kind of reporting of local market news for consumers... and a lifetime career for that young reporter, Hyman Cohen.

The "Market Basket" Is Born

Young Cohen wasn't satisfied to edit telegraph copy, paste government market reports and get his local news on the phone. He was convinced that housewives would be interested in news about the local supply of food stuffs, particularly perishable and semi-perishable items. He believed that local wholesale markets for these products should be covered the same as local sports, the city hall or courts... by firsthand eye-witness reporting.

And so young Cohen began a daily article called the "Market Basket" written for Portland homemakers. That he gauged correctly the interest of women in the supply and prices of foods is evidenced by the fact that in the past 42 years the "Market Basket" has grown from a paragraph to an institution.

During these four decades Hyman Cohen has begun his work day at 2:00 a.m. First he visits with the farmers dozing on their trucks as they wait to sell their fruits and vegetables on the great East Side Farmers' market. There he chats with the retailers as they select and buy their perishable merchandise for the day. Then he makes the rounds of the produce houses, wholesalers and commission men.

Before 7:00 a.m., when most of his readers are just arising, he is back at his desk in The Journal's city room. There he writes the "Market Basket" for Portland housewives. Then he is ready to work with his staff in the writing and editing of The Journal's market page.

Three generations of Portland housewives have relied upon Hyman Cohen's "Market Basket" in The Journal. It tells them what seasonal fruits and vegetables, seafoods, poultry and dairy products are in the market, which are plentiful and favorably priced. It's the housewives' Baedecker for planning shopping trips. It's their guide when they schedule their canning programs.

THE "MARKET BASKET" symbolizes the spirit of enterprise that exists on The Journal's staff. *It is the creation of a man who believed that there was a better way of doing his job than the usual way. He is typical of the men and women who staff every department of The Journal. They are all loyal, hard-hitting, hard-working newspaper men and women... taking on jobs not in their strict line of duty... spending their brains and energy freely in creating the best newspaper they know how!*

...If you lived in Portland you'd read

THE JOURNAL

PORTLAND, OREGON

Afternoon and Sunday

Represented Nationally by REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD
Member: Metropolitan and Pacific Parade Groups

drained from their faces. Their knees shook.

As Breen watched them, he was conscious of a cold, prickling sensation on his forehead. It hadn't been so many months ago that, as a basic, he had climbed a pole himself for the first time. He remembered the tendency to hug the pole, increasing the chances of the gaffs' slipping out. Once this had actually happened to him, leaving his feet dangling, and only the grip of his arms had averted a fall. He remembered the desperate clawing of his legs against the wood before his gaffs sank in once more, and the moments of panting exhaustion which had followed before he dared move again. But more particularly he remembered the moment when he had arrived at the top of his pole. There was no place for him to look. To look to the side meant to see other set faces, which increased his own terror. To look above or below made his head swim. For one brief second he had closed his eyes and had the sensation of an endless, nightmare fall.

Now, standing at the window of the control tower, he pulled a cigarette from his pocket and thrust it between his lips. The seconds of suspense dragged by. Finally, one man after another reached the top of his pole. There were no accidents beyond a couple of minor pole burns, and the noncoms quickly set the men to climbing again. Breen relaxed. He became aware of the unlighted cigarette in his mouth. As he felt for a match, he surveyed the forest of poles with the green-fatigued soldiers clinging to their tops. One of the tops was still uninhabited.

It was Mulvaney, of course. He was hardly more than halfway up and had come to a dead stop. Breen reached angrily for the mike. "Mulvaney!" he ordered. "Get to the top of that pole! And on the double!"

Mulvaney turned his head toward the control tower. His mouth opened and shut, but no words came out. He shook his head slowly.

"What's the matter with you?" Breen called. "Are you a quitter, the only man who hasn't got the stuff? Get going!"

Mulvaney didn't budge. Breen saw that the man had lost all control over his limbs. Only a kind of living rigor mortis kept him clamped to the pole.

Forgetting the microphone, Captain Breen cursed aloud. There would be no perfect record to send on to regimental headquarters now. His entire company had come through with the exception of one man, but that was enough to bitch the works. "Sergeant Tanik!" he called.

Tanik, the best pole climber in the cadre, snapped to attention facing the control tower.

"Climb up the pole above that man and see if you can somehow drag him to the top."

The sergeant saluted and turned to the pole. Digging his gaffs expertly into the wood, he started to climb. As he neared Mulvaney's heels, he swung round to the side opposite the soldier and continued up till his own heels were level with Mulvaney's shoulders. Then, unfastening his safety strap, he passed it round the man's body and buckled it again to his own waist. Digging in his gaffs for a firmer grip, Sergeant Tanik tried to pull the weight of two bodies aloft. He couldn't do it; Mulvaney's grip was too tight. Again and again the sergeant heaved, but there was no motion upward. Finally, he paused and looked at the control tower for instructions.

Captain Breen was looking at the gauntleted gloves which contained Mulvaney's hands. They were beginning to slip from the pole. Mulvaney's body, so long rigid, was slumping. "Stand by to catch that man!" Breen shouted. "He's passed out!"

Mulvaney's limp body peeled off the telephone pole. He slipped through the safety belt the sergeant had passed around him. For a moment his neck was caught by it. Then his helmet rubbed off and he flipped toward the ground.

CAPTAIN BREEN waited only long enough to make sure that the cadremen, gathered beneath the pole, had broken Mulvaney's fall. Then he made for the control-room door, afraid that if he didn't get some air immediately he'd be sick. It was only when he was halfway down the steps that he remembered that he had issued no order for the rest of the company to descend from their poles.

—WILLIAM MORWOOD

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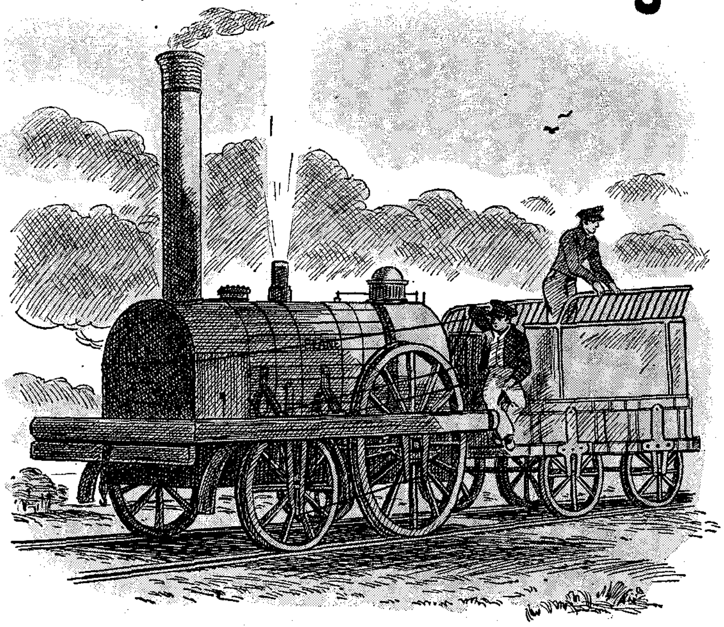
DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From a Pidgin English–English dictionary published in Australia*]

SORI: n., sorrow, sadness; gladness arising out of a memory or reminiscence; gratitude, remembrance; a., sad, sorry for, feel for, think of with feeling, sorry; adv., compassionately, with pity, sadly, condolingly; also exclamation meaning Good!; or expressing sympathy in relation to misfortune, or gladness in relation to good fortune; also a term of greeting meaning "Glad to see you!"

Born 1814...not running now



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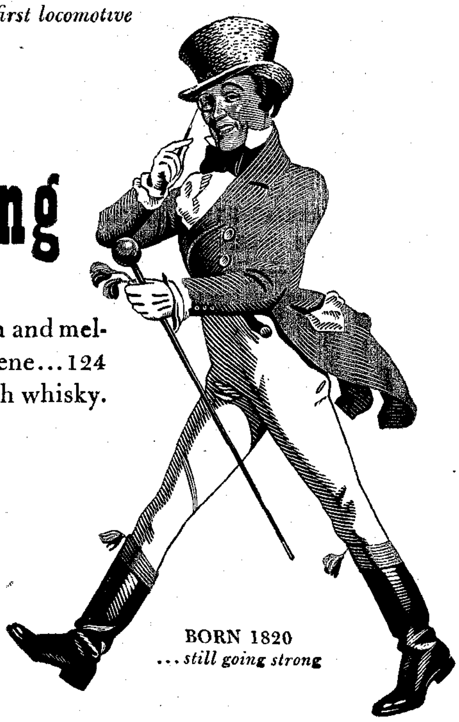
Born 1820...
still going strong

Johnnie Walker is as distinctively smooth and mellow as the day it first appeared on the scene...124 years ago. Always ask for this fine scotch whisky.



BORN 1820
...still going strong

Johnnie Walker Red Label
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL BLACK LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call...call again.

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JAMAICA COLLINS
Mix ⅓ jigger of lemon or lime juice, ⅔ jigger of sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add plenty of cracked ice, fill with soda, stir briskly and serve immediately.

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THE RACE TRACK

By Jimminy!

ONLY the most ingenuous horse-players had any reason to suspect that By Jimminy would run as well as he did at Aqueduct last week. His form at Belmont had been nothing to cheer about, unless one recalled his performance in the Withers, when he ran second to Who Goes There, but the Withers was, at best, a higgledy-piggledy sort of race. On Monday, though, in the Gotham Handicap, he not only beat Lucky Draw but did the seven furlongs in exceptionally fast time. Then last Saturday he led all the way in the Shevlin Stakes, winning even more easily from Stir Up and ten others. All this praise of By Jimminy, however, must be taken with a few reservations. Although he's a nice colt, I don't intend to go off the deep end about him unless he wins the Dwyer Stakes this weekend. Being in a nasty mood, I might remind you that he carried ten pounds less than Lucky Draw in the Gotham, and six less than Stir Up in the Shevlin, which gave him rather an advantage—one, incidentally, that he won't have in the $50,000 Dwyer Stakes. Still, he's a nimble fellow, fresh and fit, and he likes the course.

By Jimminy, as you may know, is a smooth-looking, brown colt by Pharamond 2nd out of Buginarug. You may remember, too, that after he won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes last summer Ed Bradley sold him to Alfred Parker. It seems that Parker wanted something to run in the Hopeful, and although By Jimminy didn't win that event he did finish third. Another reason for the sale was that Bradley, suddenly developing one of those inexplicable whims horse breeders are subject to, didn't want any more racers by Pharamond 2nd and disposed of those he had. By Jimminy, however, still lives in the Bradley barn and is handled by Jimmy Smith, Bradley's trainer. Bradley himself is pretty pleased over the colt's success, but up to now it hasn't caused him to change his mind about the children of Pharamond 2nd.

WE don't have many races for the older horses at less than six furlongs, but whenever Jack Campbell, the racing secretary, puts one on there's something to lift a few hurrahs over. The five-and-a-half-furlong Hermes Handicap, for example, didn't have quite so exciting a finish as the Carter—after all, you can't expect a triple dead heat every Saturday—but it showed William Woodward's Apache at his best. Carrying 132 pounds, he ran the race in 1:04⅘, a track record. Mr. Woodward was probably more pleased to hear that his filly Hycilla won the classic Oaks Stakes at Newmarket last Friday than he was to see Apache win the Hermes, but it must be fun to own a horse like Apache just the same.

IF many more good two-year-olds turn up, there's grave danger of this season's becoming something extra special. I haven't seen a colt yet that I liked better than Burg-el-Arab, who won the Tremont Stakes the other afternoon. Many horsemen pretend to find fault with his conformation, but while I must admit that he isn't as nearly perfect a specimen as Pericles (while we're on the subject, whatever did become of William Helis' $66,000 yearling, anyway?), Burg-el-Arab is a runner. Another colt you might keep in mind, by the way, is Fighting Don, who last week won his first start by lengths.

TRAINERS are looking up timetables and booking horse-cars for Chicago, where the Arlington-Washington Park meeting began this week. I can't say I blame them, either, for the prize money of the stakes races alone reads like a recapitulation of a pari-mutuel handle. There are five $50,000 sweepstakes on the schedule, a couple of $25,000 ones, some $20,000 and $15,000 kickshaws, and so many $10,000 events that one almost loses count. They add up to $490,000, all in all, and I'm just a little puzzled as to why Ben Lindheimer, who runs the show out there, didn't make it come out a round number. On the other hand, as Diogenes Checkpoints suggests, when you say $490,000, it does sound like more than half a million.

—AUDAX MINOR

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Columbia* (*S. C.*) *Record*]

In the 13 years the young correspondent spent in Japan there was never a dull moment for him. He experienced such things as earthquakes, fires, uprisings, assassinations and marriage to a Texas girl travelling through Japan.

MUSICAL EVENTS

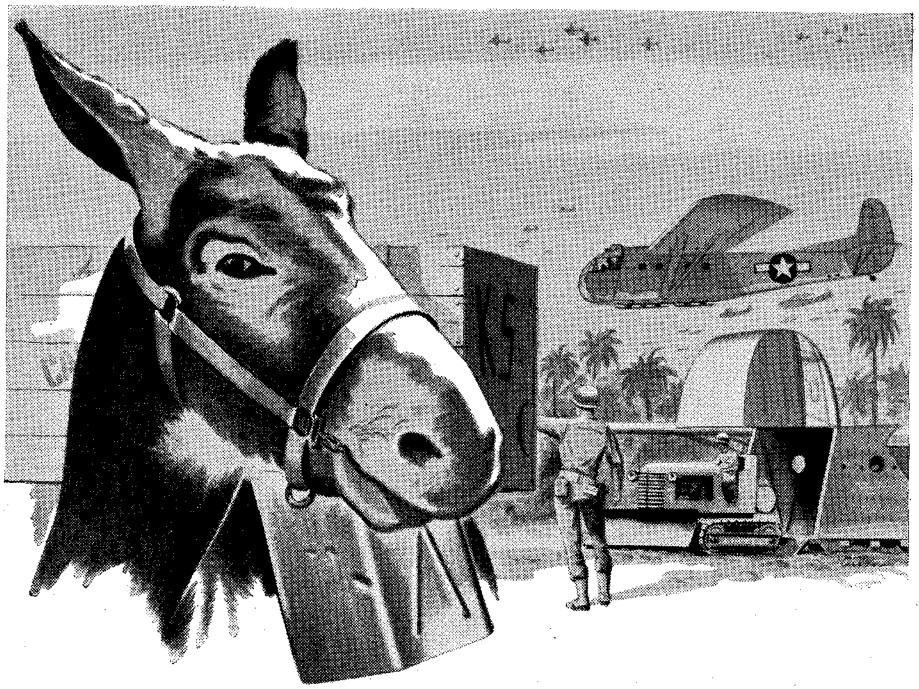
Popular Records

New Records
New Records
New Records
New Records

As a tribute to the memory of the late Fats Waller, Victor has just released an album of four records containing eight typical Waller performances. The typical Waller performance involves a variety of things—piano playing that is imaginative, vital, and as clean as a whistle, well-organized support by his band, and an air of happy spontaneity about the whole business. The album is made up of "Honeysuckle Rose," "Your Feet's Too Big," "Hold Tight," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby," "The Joint Is Jumpin'," "The Minor Drag," and "Two Sleepy People." Several of them, as you probably remember, were composed by Waller himself, and in six of them he takes care of the singing. His singing, of course, amounts to little more than a rough-hewn, clowned declamation in rhythm. The set is worth having.

Blue Note has been doing some exploring in the field of hot jazz and has brought back a pair of twelve-inch records made by Edmond Hall and his All Star Quintet. ("Rompin' in '44" and "Smooth Sailing" on Blue Note 30, and "Blue Interval" and "Seein' Red" on Blue Note 31.) The recordings are rather distinctive musically and are first-class entertainment. Hall plays a very nice clarinet in these performances, in which he is complemented by four musicians, who perform on the vibraphone, the piano, the guitar, and the bass. None of his associates are identified by name, which, since the boys are All Stars in fact as well as in billing, is too bad.

Long ago Count Basie looked high and low for a perfect rhythm group and found it. He calls it his All American Rhythm Section, and it is featured in a Columbia album just released. It consists of himself at the piano, Jo Jones on drums, Freddie Green on guitar, and Walter Page on bass. The rest of the Basie orchestra is audibly present, too, especially Buck Clayton, the trumpet, and Don Byas, the tenor sax. With this handsome support, the Count applies the familiar, slick and shiny Basie treatment to such standbys as "St. Louis



"I'M FROM MISSOURI!"

Due, perhaps, to the skepticism which is native to my breed—plus the experience gained from years of dealing with garrulous mule skinners—I was inclined to take very little stock in this talk of a glider hop to Burma.

"Personally," I said to my stablemates, "I'm from Missouri. They'll have to show *this* mule!"

Well, sir, show me they did. Because this is Burma and I surely didn't get here on the Staten Island ferry.

Naturally, I've had to take quite a ribbing about the whole thing. But that's nothing compared to what the Nips have taken since we've opened up these landing strips out here. When I think of the kicking around they're going to get from now on—I can "eat crow" and like it! THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.

First in Sicily and now more recently in the Burma jungles—where they made surprise landings laden with engineers, jeeps, mules and road grading equipment—army cargo-transport gliders have demonstrated their effectiveness in delivering men and equipment to (and beyond) the front. Designed by Waco *. . . manufactured by* Waco *and* 11 *other companies using* Waco *engineering supervision . . . the performance of these gliders holds for you the promise that the plane you will want to fly tomorrow will come from* Waco.

Waco
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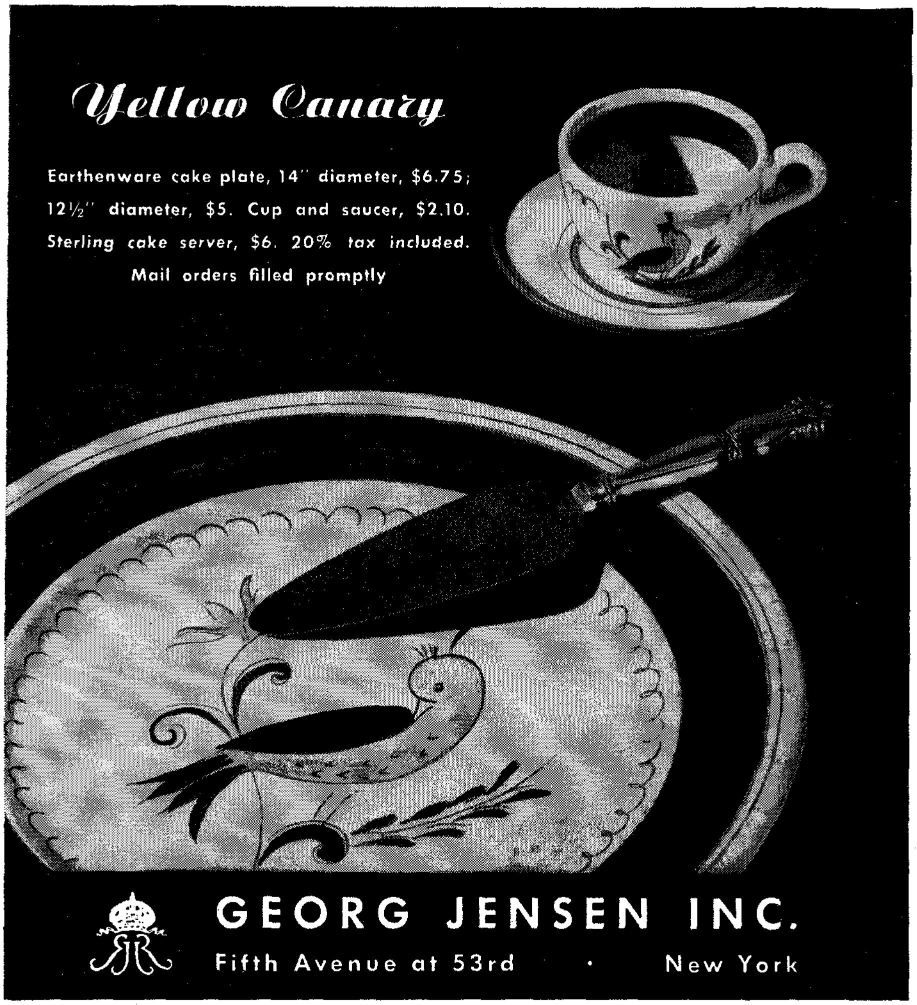
ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED



Yellow Canary

Earthenware cake plate, 14" diameter, $6.75; 12½" diameter, $5. Cup and saucer, $2.10. Sterling cake server, $6. 20% tax included. Mail orders filled promptly

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HAVE YOU GOT "WHAT'S-THE-USE*ITIS*"?

This common affliction, brought on by the whiskey shortage, has these symptoms: listlessness, discouragement, trembling before barmen and liquor store dealers, and paralysis of the vocal cords when it comes to asking for a fine, prewar quality whiskey. Watch out! It leads to getting no Carstairs White Seal whiskey! And that's bad. It's unnecessary, too—because a fair supply IS available. But you've got to *ask* for it—and *keep* asking till you get it. Better start treating yourself today!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Blues," "Sugar Blues," "Royal Garden Blues," and "How Long Blues" (the piano is the solo instrument all the way through this one). There are eight recordings in this set, which has been given the handy title of "Blues by Basie."

DECCA is still at the business of putting up albums of music from Broadway shows and done by the Broadway casts. The most recent set in the series deals, in four records, with Cole Porter's score for "Mexican Hayride." The performers include June Havoc, Corinna Mura, Wilbur Evans, and the "Mexican Hayride" orchestra and chorus. The only outsider (and a silent one, at that) is Harry Sosnick, who conducts. The songs sound fine, particularly "I Love You," which is sung by Mr. Evans, who also sings "Girls." Miss Havoc is entrusted with "There Must Be Someone for Me," "Abracadabra," and "Count Your Blessings," and Miss Mura does "Sing to Me, Guitar" and "Carlotta."

VICTOR, still in a deadlock with Caesar Petrillo, has been giving its star vocalists choral instead of orchestral support. A recent example is the Dinah Shore record of "It Could Happen to You" and "I'll Walk Alone" (20-1586). Miss Shore, however, is a competent and adaptable performer who knows just what she's up to, and the results are extremely pleasant. The mixed choir does its work quite well, even though it sometimes makes the mistake of trying to sound like an orchestra—imitating instrumental runs, harmonic figures, and the like.—OFFBEAT

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A GARBAGE COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

[*From the Alfred* (N.Y.) *Sun*]

IMPORTANT NOTICE

As it is customary not to collect garbage on Commencement Day, no collection will be made next week until Tuesday, May 9th.

I would like to make a few suggestions as to what is garbage, and what the garbage man is supposed to take. Papers—a few do no harm, but when there are three Evening Tribunes and one other newspaper, with a small amount of garbage in the pail, it is a little too much. Also if you have something you are not just certain what to do with, wrap it in a neat package and put it into garbage pail. When I find it, after unloading, I wonder what it is, and on opening find vaccum cleaner sweepings. Well that turns my stomach as well as the stomach of the hogs.

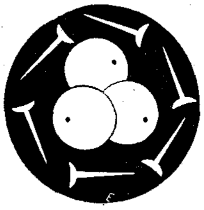
Please put your garbage out next Tuesday, May 9th.

Garbage Collector

NOTES ON SPORTS

A Day in the Country

GOLF, the most gruelling spectator sport known to man, was more prominent in this neighborhood last week than it had been for a long time, owing to the Red Cross open tournament held at the Wykagyl Country Club at New Rochelle. Byron Nelson, who won the tournament, is probably the best golfer in the civilized world, and by himself was a considerable drawing card, but in addition to him the entries included most of the big boys playing today. Consequently, a sizable gallery came out on each of the four days the tournament lasted, and, following one idol or another, plodded over the tough terrain that comprises the Wykagyl course, apparently unmindful of the risk of sprained or lacerated ankles, sunstroke, or heart stoppage. On the third day, Saturday, the threesome composed of Nelson, Gene Sarazen, and Bud Lewis, a Philadelphia pro, drew the biggest number of followers, this department among them.



Lewis started off at a dizzy pace, sinking one pitch shot from several yards off the green and one thirty-foot putt in the first three holes. After a while, though, his tee shots began to get wobbly, which is a bad thing to happen to a man at Wykagyl, where the fairways are only a little wider than a bowling alley and most of the rough consists of an impressive stand of timber. Sarazen played a steady game and one which, though not up to his old form, was distinguished by a minimum of shilly-shallying. In many years in the business, he has learned how to get along without practice swings and geodetic surveys; he simply steps up to the ball and thwacks it. Another feature of Sarazen's conduct on a golf course is that he speaks only to God, and to Him only briefly. This he does when he narrowly misses a putt or finds his ball in a bad lie, or when, as occurred on the eighteenth, his ball hits the pin from within sixty feet, costing him a two-stroke penalty. Lewis got a seventy-three and Sarazen got a par seventy-two. Nelson, who was tied for first place in the tournament going into the third round, shot a sixty-six and came out five strokes in the lead. The next day, he finished off with a seventy-one, four strokes ahead of Sgt. Victor Ghezzi, the runner-up. Nelson was the pre-tournament favorite because of his accuracy off the tee and with his long iron shots, and these specialties of his were certainly helpful. On Saturday, though, there was nothing wrong with his short approaches and he one-putted most of his greens.

ON Saturday night, several of the golfers went down to the Polo Grounds and put on a short-iron exhibition as part of a sports carnival which also included tennis, soccer, baseball, basketball, and a tug of war. Admission to this production was by war bonds, of which about six million dollars' worth were sold, and it's hard to criticize an event which contributes that handsomely to the cause. However, more extravaganzas of the same sort have been planned, and it might be a good idea if forty or fifty of the mistakes that were made in this one weren't repeated the next time. It is this department's belief that less than six million dollars' worth of bonds will be sold by the next carnival, because several thousand customers who went to this one won't be coming back. There were long intervals when nothing happened, and when something did, it wasn't what the program said it was going to be. Each event, to be sure, was announced over the public address system, but the announcer might just as well have kept his lip buttoned for all that could be heard on the Polo Grounds public address system. So might the stars of stage and screen who made speeches, not only because they couldn't be heard but because it was very hard to tell which was which, and that tends to upset everybody, including the stars of stage and screen. Their speeches were too long, anyhow. There was also the fact that nobody brought a piano for Oscar Levant, who was supposed to play one, and he had to say a few unintelligible words of apology. The whole show took five hours, of which approximately one was wasted. An affair of this kind must be very tough to stage, and while nobody's going to complain about a few hitches where war bonds are concerned, nobody's talking about just a few hitches.

—D. L.

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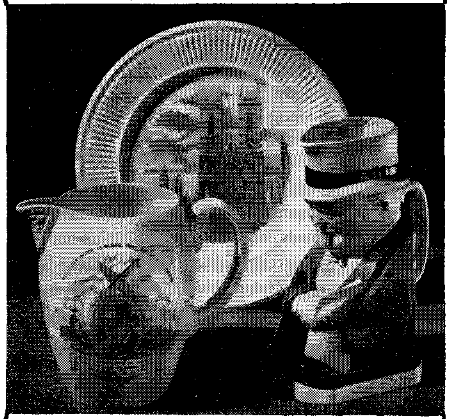
SORRY

Again it has been necessary to omit many items of news, due to heavy advertising.
—*Englewood (Colo.) Enterprise.*

You tantalizing devils!

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



COLLECTORS' ITEMS, TOMORROW!

1. Very handsome Spode Galloway Jug with excellent Churchill portrait and four of his famous wartime quotations in black. Height 6½ ins. and holds 3 pints. Each $5.00
2. A historic series of Wedgwood "Old London" dinner plates. Shows 12 of the greatest landmarks of English history. Typical are Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, etc. Set of 12, $24.00
3. Winston Churchill Toby Jug by Spode. Brightly hand painted in famous 18th Century style, it is Churchill to a "T"—including the inevitable cigar. Limited quantity—no more will be made. Height 8½ ins. Each $18.00

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BOOKS

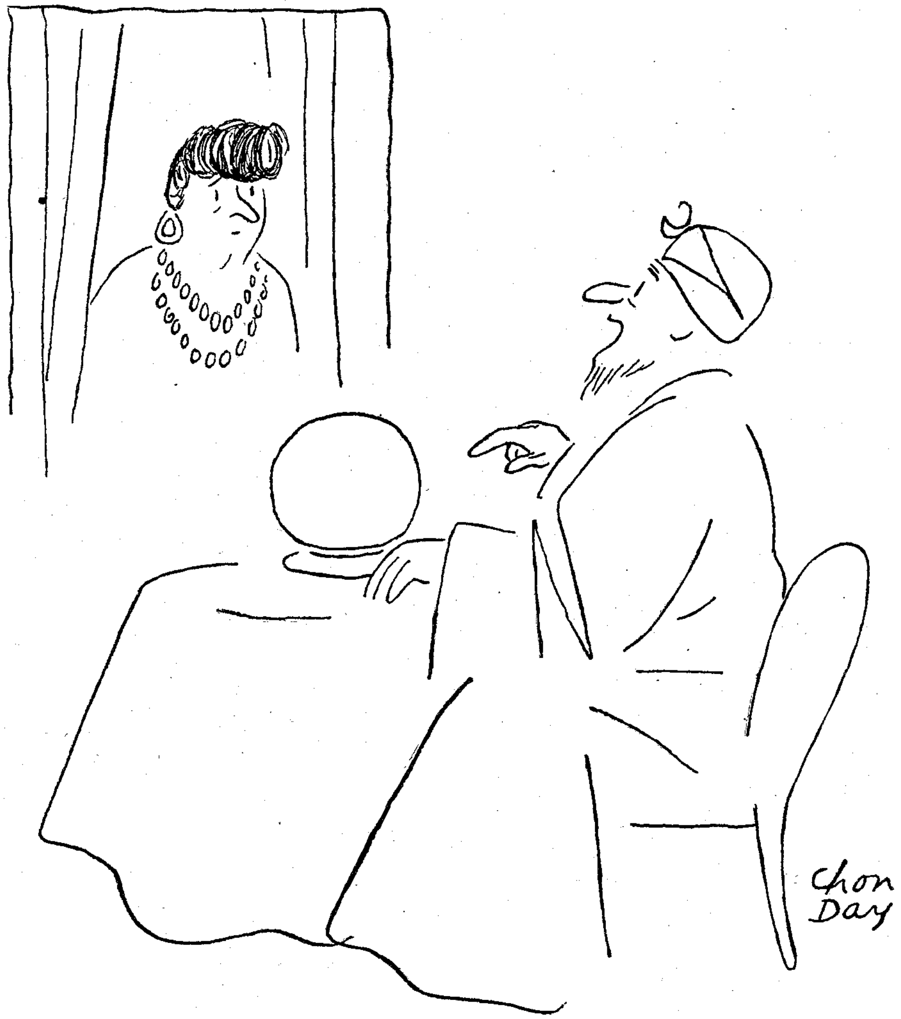
A Long Talk about Jane Austen

THERE have been several revolutions of taste during the last century and a quarter of English literature, and through them all perhaps only two reputations have never been affected by the shifts of fashion: Shakespeare's and Jane Austen's. We still agree with Scott about Jane Austen, just as we agree with Ben Jonson about Shakespeare. From Scott, Southey, Coleridge, and Macaulay (to say nothing of the Prince Regent, who kept a set of her works "in every one of his residences") to Kipling and George Moore, Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, she has compelled the amazed admiration of writers of the most diverse kinds, and I should say that Jane Austen and Dickens rather queerly present themselves today as the only two English novelists (though not quite the only novelists in English) who belong in the very top rank with the great fiction writers of Russia and France. Jane Austen, as Mr. Stark Young once said, is perhaps the only English example of that spirit of classical comedy that is more natural to the Latin peoples than to ours and that Molière represents for the French. That this spirit should have embodied itself in England in the mind of a well-bred spinster, the daughter of a country clergyman, who never saw any more of the world than was made possible by short visits to London and a residence of a few years in Bath and who found her subjects mainly in the problems of young provincial girls looking for husbands, seems one of the most freakish of the many anomalies of English literary history.

In "Speaking of Jane Austen" (Harper), by G. B. Stern and Sheila Kaye-Smith, two of Jane Austen's sister novelists have collaborated to pay her homage. Both Miss Stern and Miss Kaye-Smith have read the six novels again and again, and they have at their fingers' ends every trait, every speech, every gesture of every one of Jane Austen's people. Here they discuss, in alternate chapters, which give the effect of a conversation, a variety of aspects of their subject. Miss Kaye-Smith is especially concerned with the historical background of the novels: she turns up a good deal that is interesting about the costume and food of the period and the social position of clergymen, and she traces the reflection, so meagre and dim, of the cataclysmic political events that took place during Miss Austen's lifetime. Miss Stern is more preoccupied with the characters, whom she sometimes treats as actual people, classifying them on principles of her own and speculating about their lives beyond the story; sometimes criticizes from the point of view of a novelist who would see the situation in some cases a little differently, modifying or filling out a character or assigning a heroine to a different mate. The two ladies debate together the relative merits of the novels, agreeing that "Pride and Prejudice" belongs not at the top but toward the bottom of the list, and partly agreeing and partly not as to which of the characters are least successful. They have notes on Miss Austen's language and they underline some of her fine inconspicuous strokes. They make an effort to evoke the personalities of characters who are mentioned but never appear, and they have concocted a terrific quiz, which few readers, I imagine, could pass.

The book thus contains a good deal that will be interesting to those interested in Jane Austen, though neither Miss Stern nor Miss Kaye-Smith, it seems to me, really goes into the subject so deeply as might be done. My impression is that the long study of Jane Austen which has lately been published by Queenie Leavis in the English magazine called *Scrutiny* gets to grips with her artistic development in a way that the present authors, who do not mention Mrs. Leavis' essay, have scarcely even attempted to do. Yet "Speaking of Jane Austen," as an informal symposium, revives the enthusiasm of the reader and stimulates him to think about the questions suggested by Miss Kaye-Smith and Miss Stern. Let me contribute a few comments of my own which will bring certain of these matters to attention.

1. The half-dozen novels of Jane



"A fine thing! Now it tells me the date of the invasion is June sixth."

TO PARAPHRASE THE LATE LAMENTED WALL STREET ADS:

This advertisement is not to be construed as offering any books for sale to anybody

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BUT THE HERITAGE CLUB ANNOUNCES ITS NEW SERIES OF

beautiful, *beautiful* books like these

FOR THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

No sir, no sir, no SIR—if you are not already a member of The Heritage Club, you cannot at this time be accepted into the membership; you will not be able to receive the beautiful, *beautiful* books (for the same price as an ordinary novel) which will during the coming year be distributed to the members of The Heritage Club.

If the thought comes into your head that this statement on our part is either brash or smug, *perish* that thought. We are sorry that we have to make this statement, you can bet your sweet life we are! Now, when the demand for memberships in The Heritage Club is so great that it astonishes us (even *us!*); now is the time when we can't take in any more members. It should happen to Hitler!

Of course, much *worse* is happening to Hitler; and that's the reason for this unhappy condition. The men who once chopped down the trees are off in the Army; the men who once shipped the logs to the paper mills are off in the Navy; the men who ran the paper-making machines are off in the Marines. The result is that there is not enough paper to go around, and publishers are strictly rationed.

Therefore, this advertisement must not be construed as an offer to sell any books to anybody. We are placing this advertisement in this paper because we want to offer to interested persons information about our plans, and also a list of our books; and we *don't* want people to send us letters asking whether The Heritage Club has gone out of business, because they haven't seen our advertising lately!

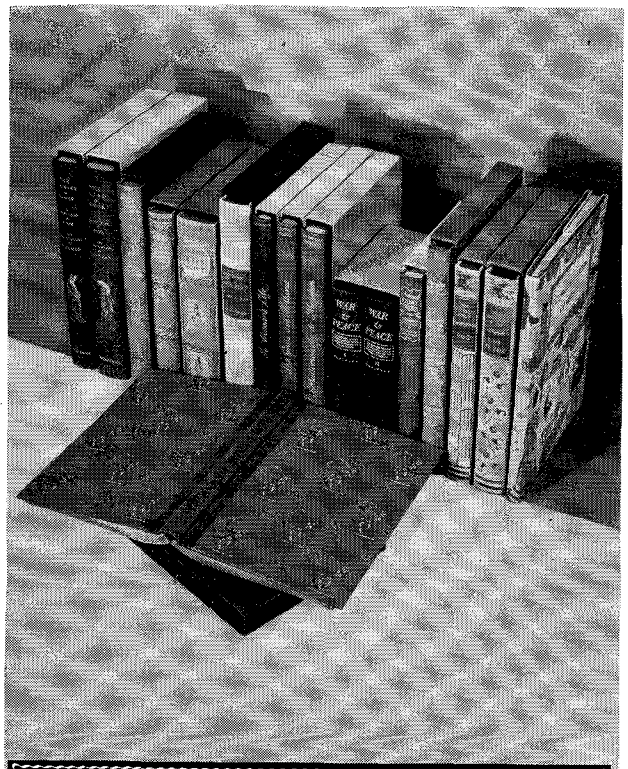
During the coming twelve months, The Heritage Club will distribute to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future". These books are not *de luxe*, nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed, illustrated by the greatest artists, carefully printed and handsomely bound.

Seldom indeed has such an honest value been made available to those who love beautiful books. And the growth of the membership offers ample proof of this statement. When The Heritage Club announced the twelve books to be called Series A, only three thousand copies of each book were printed. Now that The Heritage Club is announcing the twelve books to be called Series H, *thirty thousand* copies of each book are to be printed!

Small wonder, in view of the price which each member pays for a book! For each member subscribes for twelve books in one year, and he gets each one for the same price which he would have to pay for an ordinary novel. In addition, he is permitted to *select* the books he wants! In further addition, during the coming year the directors of the Club are taking the members into a kind of partnership, and are presenting them with Bonus Books every fourth month!

The feature item of the twelve books in Series H is *The Arabian Nights: The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night,* the complete Burton translation with the complete Burton notes, the Terminal Essay, a voluminous index, and 1001 decorations by Valenti Angelo.

We have prepared a handsome prospectus, which describes the forthcoming Heritage books in detail. Although it is understood that we are unable to offer you a membership in the Club, we are very willing to send a copy to you, in order that you may be placed on our mailing list. A form for this purpose is printed at the right.



Request for the Prospectus

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22

It is understood between us that the membership of The Heritage Club is full and you are not, in sending me a copy of your current prospectus, offering me a membership in The Heritage Club. I would like to have a copy of the prospectus describing the books to be distributed in Series H, and I ask you to put me on your list for notification in case there should be some vacancies in the membership next year.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

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Austen were written in two sets of three each, with an interval of about ten years between the two: “Pride and Prejudice,” “Sense and Sensibility,” and “Northanger Abbey;” “Mansfield Park,” “Emma,” and “Persuasion.” The first of these lots, both in its satiric comedy and in the pathos of “Sense and Sensibility,” is quite close to the eighteenth century, whereas the second, with its psychological subtlety and such realism as the episode in “Mansfield Park” in which Fanny goes back to her vulgar home, is much closer to what we mean by “modern.” In the second lot the set comic character of the type of Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who at moments, as Miss Stern points out, falls into the tone of an old-fashioned play, tends to give way to another kind of portraiture—as in the small country community of “Emma”—which is farther from caricature and more recognizable as a picture of everyday life, and in “Persuasion,” a sensitivity to landscape and a tenderness of feeling appear that have definitely a tinge of the romantic. It is not true, as has been sometimes complained, that Miss Austen took no interest in nature, though this last novel is the only one of her books of which one clearly remembers the setting. Miss Kaye-Smith does note of “Persuasion” that “the weather and scenery have taken on some of the emotional force that permeates the whole book.” But both authors seem to treat the novels as if they have always coëxisted in time instead of forming a sequence. What I miss in “Speaking of Jane Austen” is any account of the successive gradations, literary and psychological, which lead from “Pride and Prejudice” to “Persuasion.”

2. The authors of this book both believe that there is something wrong with “Mansfield Park,” and they have a great deal to say about it. They feel that the chief figure, Fanny Price, a poor relation who immolates herself to the family of a great country house, is too meaching—too “creep-mouse,” Miss Kaye-Smith says—to be an altogether sympathetic heroine, and that in this case the author herself, in a way that is not characteristic, adopts a rather pharisaical attitude toward the more fun-loving and sophisticated characters. Miss Kaye-Smith tries to explain this attitude by suggesting that Jane Austen at this period may have come under the influence of the Evangelical Movement, to which two references are to be found in the book.

To the reviewer this line of criticism in regard to “Mansfield Park” is already very familiar—it seems to represent a reaction which is invariable with feminine readers; yet I have never felt particularly the importance of the objections that are made on these grounds nor been shaken in my conviction that “Mansfield Park” is artistically the most nearly perfect of the novels. It is true that I have not read it for thirty years, so that I have had time to forget the moralizings that bother Miss Kaye-Smith and Miss Stern, but the sensations I remember to have had were purely aesthetic ones: a delight in the focussing of the complex group through the ingenuous eyes of Fanny, the balance and harmony of the handling of the contrasting timbres of the characters, which are now heard in combination, now set off against one another. I believe that the point of view in relation to Miss Austen's characters is somewhat different with men and with women readers. The woman reader wants to identify herself with the heroine, and she rebels at the idea of being Fanny. The male reader neither puts himself in Fanny's place nor imagines himself marrying Fanny any more than he does the nice little girl in Henry James's “What Maisie Knew,” a novel which “Mansfield Park” in some ways quite closely resembles. What interests him in Miss Austen's heroines is the marvellous portraiture of a gallery of different types of women, and Fanny, with her humility, her priggishness, and her innocent and touching good faith, is a perfect picture of one kind of woman.

Whatever tone Jane Austen may sometimes take, what emerge and give the book its value are characters objectively seen, form and movement conceived aesthetically. It is this that sets Jane Austen apart from so many other women novelists—whether, like the author of “Wuthering Heights” or the author of “Gone With the Wind,” of the kind that make their power felt by a projection of their feminine day dreams or of the kind, from “Evelina” to “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” that mimic entertainingly the people they have met. Miss Austen is almost unique among the novelists of her sex in being deeply and steadily concerned, not with the vicarious satisfaction of emotion (though the Cinderella theme, of course, does figure in several of her novels) nor with the skillful exploitation of gossip, but, as the great masculine novelists are, with the novel as a work of art.

3. “Emma,” which both these critics adore, is to Jane Austen what “Hamlet” is to Shakespeare. It is the book of hers

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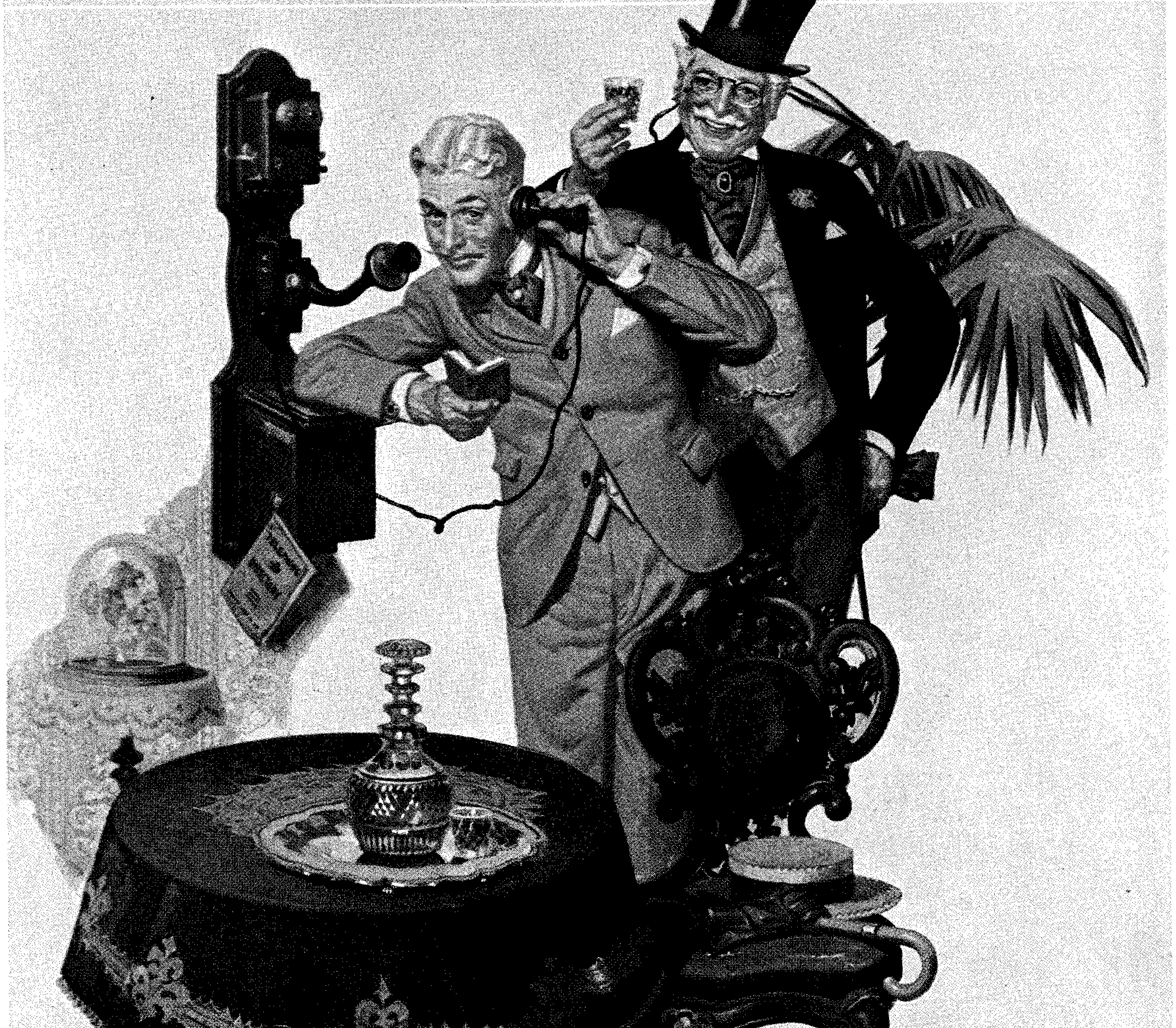

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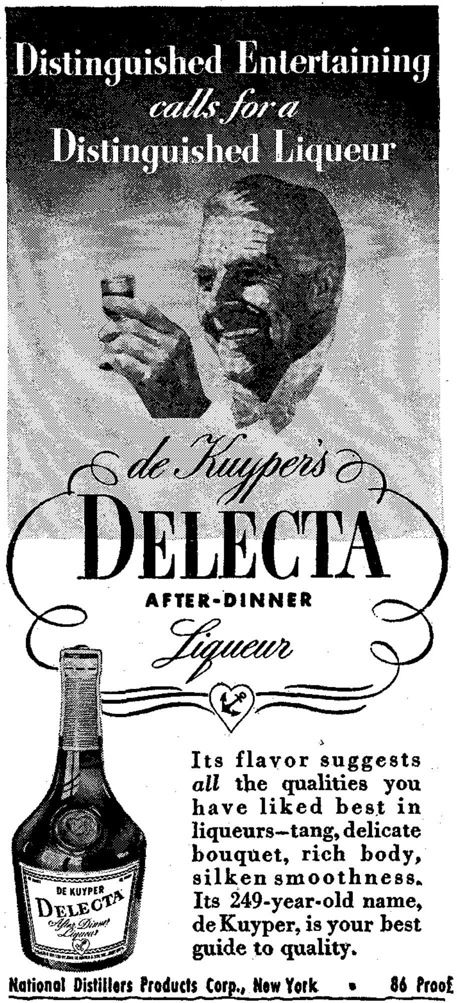
ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR . . . NOW AS IN 1892 about which her readers are likely to disagree most; they tend either to praise it extravagantly or to find it dull, formless, and puzzling. The reason for this, I believe, is that, just as in the case of "Hamlet," there is something outside the picture which is never made explicit in the story but which has to be recognized by the reader before it is possible for him to appreciate the book. Many women readers feel instinctively the psychological rightness of the behavior attributed to Emma, and they are the ones who admire the novel. Some male readers, like Justice Holmes, who was certainly a connoisseur of fiction yet who wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock that, "bar Miss Bates," he was "bored by 'Emma,' " never succeed in getting into the story because they cannot see what it is all about. Why does Emma take up her two girl protégées? Why does she become so much obsessed by her plans for them? Why does she mistake the realities so and go so ludicrously wrong about them? Why does it take her so unconscionably long to reach the obvious rapprochement with Knightley?

The answer is that Emma is not interested in men except in the paternal relation. Her actual father is a silly old woman: in their household it is Emma herself who, motherless as she is, assumes the functions of head of the family; it is she who takes the place of the parent and Mr. Woodhouse who becomes the child. It is Knightley who has checked and rebuked her, who has presided over her social development, and she accepts him as a substitute father; she finally marries him and brings him into her own household, where his rôle is to reinforce Mr. Woodhouse. Miss Stern sees the difficulties of this odd situation. "Oh, Miss Austen," she cries, "it was *not* a good solution; it was a bad solution, an unhappy ending, could we see beyond the last pages of the book." But among the contretemps she foresees she does not mention what would surely have been the worst. Emma, who was relatively indifferent to men, was inclined to infatuations with women; and what reason is there to believe that her marriage with Knightley would prevent her from going on as she had done before: from discovering a new young lady as appealing as Harriet Smith, dominating her personality, and situating her in a dream world of Emma's own in which Emma would be able to confer on her all kinds of imaginary benefits but which would have nothing whatever to do with her condition or her real possibilities? This would worry and exasperate Knightley and be hard for him to do anything about. He would be lucky if he did not presently find himself saddled, along with the other awkward features of the arrangement, with one of Emma's young protégées as an actual member of the household.

I do not mean to suggest for "Emma" any specific Freudian formula, but I feel sure that it is the one of her novels in which the author's own peculiar "conditioning" is most curiously and clearly seen. Jane Austen lived all her life with persons related to her by blood—her parents, her five brothers, her single unmarried sister—and the experience behind the relationships imagined by her in her novels is always an experience of relationships of blood, of which the relation between sisters is certainly the most deeply felt. Miss Stern and Miss Kaye-Smith are agreed with George Moore that Marianne's love for Willoughby in "Sense and Sensibility" is the most passionate thing in Jane Austen; but isn't it rather the emotion of Elinor as she witnesses her sister's disaster than Marianne's emotion over Willoughby of which the poignancy is communicated to the reader? The involvement with one another of the sisters is the real central theme of the book, just as the relation of Elizabeth to her sisters is so vital a part of "Pride and Prejudice." For, though Miss Austen's intelligence was free to follow and understand other women when they were flirting or comfortably married, hunting husbands or breaking their hearts, she seems always to have been held suspended by the web of her original family ties. To some special equilibrium of the kind, which she never felt the necessity of upsetting, she must partly have owed the coolness, the patience, the poise, the leisure of mind to work at writing for its own sake, that made it possible for her to become a great artist. The solicitude of the sober Elinor Dashwood watching her giddy sister Marianne becomes in time the detached interest of the author looking on at the adventures of her heroines. In the last of her novels, "Persuasion," one does find a different element and feel a personal emotion of the author's—a tinge of sadness at a woman's self-fulfillment missed—but the pattern is still much the same. Anne Elliot is herself a young sister: she, too, has a big sister, Lady Russell, who, like Emma, has misled her protégée—in this case, by discouraging her from marrying and nearly spoiling her life. Miss Stern and Miss Kaye-Smith do not care much for Lady Russell as a character; but she is worth thinking seriously about as a very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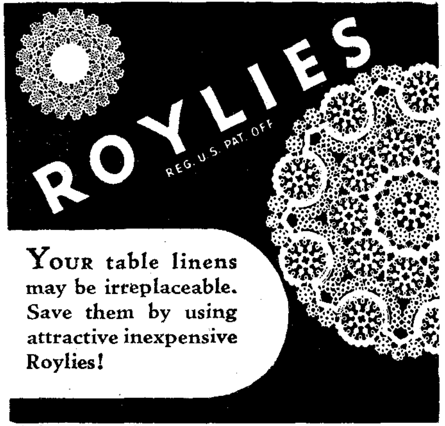
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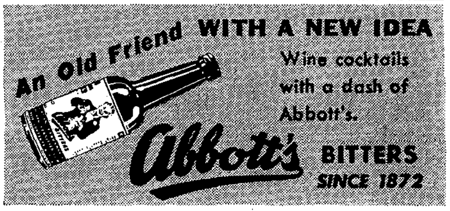
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important motif in Jane Austen. The comedy of the false sister-relationship of "Emma" has turned into something almost tragic. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THIS IS KATE, by Margaret Hard (Holt). The happy childhood of a lively little girl in a Canadian convent of the Sacred Heart some fifty years ago—a background against which a more perceptive author might have created an interesting book. Mrs. Hard's attention, however, is fixed on the pranks and contretemps of young Kate; the rigid beauty of the religious life, the half-understood tragedy of one of the nuns, and the tender wisdom of the Mother Superior concern the author only when they emphasize the winsomeness of her heroine. Perhaps it is unfair to compare so feeble an effort with Kate O'Brien's beautiful and memorable "The Land of Spices," but the similarity of the themes makes such a comparison unavoidable, and annihilating for "This Is Kate."

GENERAL

AGAINST OBLIVION, by Sheila Birkenhead (Macmillan). A biography of Joseph Severn, an English artist, generally remembered, if at all, as the friend of Keats who looked after the poet during his final illness and who received from him the famous line, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," which Keats wanted used for his epitaph. Lady Birkenhead tries hard to establish Severn as a person in his own right, and partially succeeds, but her semi-fictional method of telling his story, and the fact that Severn, while both talented and intelligent, was a minor figure who would have fallen into obscurity had it not been for his association with Keats, are handicaps she never quite manages to overcome. There is a long sequence of letters, however, written by Severn from Rome during the last days of Keats' life, that gives the book considerable value for those who are interested in the poet and don't own a copy of William Sharp's long-out-of-print "The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn." Illustrated.

TAILOR'S PROGRESS, by Benjamin Stolberg (Doubleday, Doran). A history of the I.L.G.W.U., which is not a creature invented by Edward Lear

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but the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, one of the most powerful and energetic of American labor organizations. Mr. Stolberg, who writes briskly and entertainingly, tells the story of the I.L.G.W.U. from its beginnings up to the present and, in doing so, puts together a detailed and immensely readable account of the garment industry in the United States. Highly recommended to anyone who wants to be painlessly informed about the inner workings of the American labor movement. Illustrated.

I See a New China, by George Hogg (Little, Brown). The story of one of the most important, and least written about, developments of wartime China—the growth of the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives, which have set up, deep in the interior, complete communities that produce clothing, shoes, coal, munitions, and other necessities of war. The author, who has worked for five years as a teacher and organizer in the Chinese coöperative movement, doesn't make anything like full use of the material that has come his way and seems to think that the only skill involved in writing is the ability to set down one word after another, but his book nonetheless is a close-up view of a development that will probably play a large part in determining the social shape of postwar China. Maps.

Prelude to Silence, by Arnold Brecht (Oxford). An analysis of the Weimar Republic and of the process by which Adolf Hitler, who never once strayed from the path of constitutional propriety, came to power in Germany. Sound and sober, with lots of statistics, but far too heavy-footed to be of much interest except to students of the subject.

We Jumped to Fight, by Colonel Edson D. Raff (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). All about a battalion of paratroopers, the first such American soldiers to see action in the war, from basic training at Fort Benning to actual warfare in Oran, Tebessa, Gafsa, El Guettar, and Kasserine Pass. The author, who commanded the battalion, writes well enough to be a foreign correspondent, uses the first person singular with commendable restraint, and has a good tale to tell. Hanson Baldwin, the military Nostradamus, contributes a foreword. Photographs and map.

Democracy Reborn, by Henry A. Wallace (Reynal & Hitchcock). A collection of speeches, essays, and ex-

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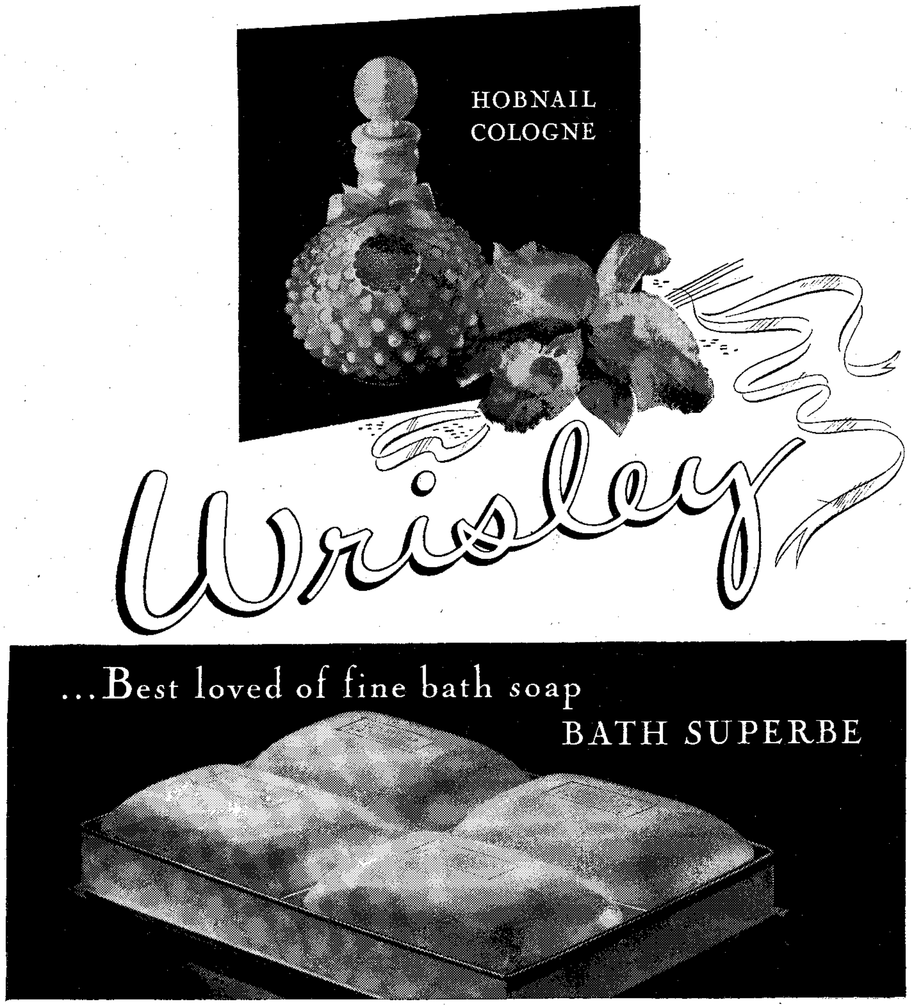

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tracts from books written by the thirty-third Vice-President of the United States, with a biographical introduction by Russell Lord. Mr. Wallace, who seems willing to tackle almost any subject, dwells upon such topics as "What America Wants," "A Challenge to Science," "The Nation's Diet," "Capitalism, Religion, and Democracy," "Russia," "Lincoln," and, naturally, the century of the Common Man. All this takes in a lot of territory, and it is doubtful whether even Mr. Wallace's most ardent admirers will hold that he explores it as thoroughly as might be wished. The papers that make up this volume, furthermore, are primarily expressions of a particular and highly individual point of view rather than an integrated philosophy of life or society, and there are occasions when the author's discussion of the problems of our time is more or less elementary. Mr. Wallace, however, does not pretend that these pieces are anything other than what they are—a sheaf of papers by an honest, generous-minded man of reformist inclinations who is in politics—and his tone, though not always humble, is never arrogant or glib. There are those who will continue to be exasperated by Mr. Wallace's concept of the brave new world—a world whose shape he is unable to define clearly—but it is apparent, on the basis of this record, that he is expressing, in large measure, the highest hopes of that common man whose foremost spokesman he has become.

•

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place in the Middle East, between Colonel E. W. Hayward, R.A. M.C., elder son of the late Dr. M. Cecil Hayward, Abingdon, Berkshire, and of Mrs. Hayward, Granham, Wadhurst, Sussex, and Section Officer Monica Pine-Coffin, W.A.A.F., younger daughter of the late Tristram Pine-Coffin and Mrs. Pine-Coffin, of Effingham, Surrey.—*London Times.*

Would that be Surrey-with-the-Fringe, by any chance?

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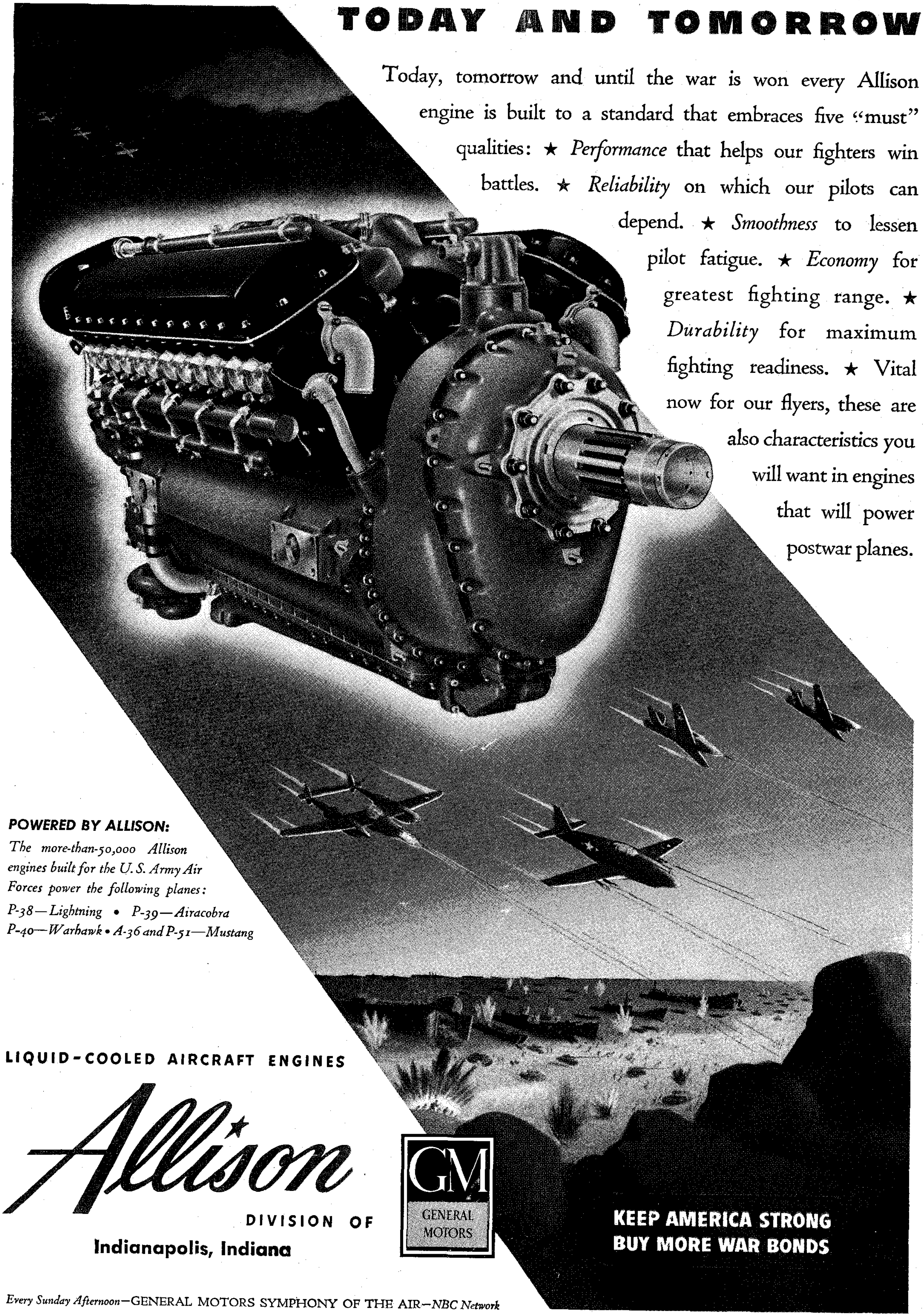

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